

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Front Page.

HERE'S a case of black ingratitude. Last year the aldermen of Toronto held up their hands in favor of an increase to \$2,500 a year in the salaries of the four Controllers, and now the Controllers hang back when it comes to increasing the pay of the aldermen to \$750 for this year and \$1,000 thereafter. You would almost think the extra money was coming out of the Controllers' pockets, from the way they behave in the matter! Aldermen shook their fists under the noses of Controllers the other day and told them what they thought of them. Everything has gone up lately, but—do we need eighteen aldermen at one thousand dollars each to help four Controllers at \$2,500 each and a Mayor at \$4,700 to control the permanent officials who think they could govern the city much better if these elected persons were abolished altogether? One alderman argued in favor of the increase of salary by saying that the Council spends more money than the Legislature, and therefore aldermen ought to be paid as much as the legislators. What he forgets, in making such a statement, is that the member of the Legislature is compelled to spend a couple of months each year in the city away from home and wholly out of touch with his business. Aldermen who have businesses are not prevented by their civic duties, from being in their own offices daily, and there are many who think that if some of them were in their own offices more and in the civic offices less it would be better for municipal interests.

The present Council is out to make itself solid. The proposal to abolish the use of cards on election day is meant to benefit the sitting aldermen and work to the disadvantage of the new candidate whose name is less familiar to the voters. The proposal to elect aldermen for two-year periods, half retiring each year, would so work out that the people would never get a good, square whack at the aggregation as a whole should there be occasion for expressing strong displeasure. There would be half-elections annually, with but a half-interest in them, which is likely to prove a great fault in our system of electing a Board of Education. The schools are in charge of trustees elected by instalments each year, and perhaps the people never knew so little about the schools and the men who are supposed to be managing them. We have not much more than half the High school accommodation that such a city should have, and the Public school needs are growing far faster than they are being met. Nor can these educational needs be met, while the schools are under the control of men whose names—nor half of whose names—the reader could not from memory write out on a sheet of paper at this moment to save his life.

Has not Toronto had experiments enough? Have we not tried jim-crack remedies in plenty, and would it not be well for the municipal administration to quit tinkering with the constitution and go right ahead for once administering it as it stands?

THE City Council of Toronto should be composed of eighteen good citizens who would meet together like a board of directors to deliberate upon the general policy of civic government, as put into effect and worked out in detail by the well-paid Controllers and the salaried experts at the head of each department. These eighteen representative citizens called aldermen should not themselves be out after the stuff. They should scorn the stuff. They should be above it, and keep out of reach of it. They should apportion the municipal work among those paid to do it, and meet at intervals to legislate, to consider recommendations, to keep tab on results. They should not go fussing around the shop, poking umbrellas into the machinery; they should meet in the board-room and advise the manager—they should protect the interests of the investors, that is to say, the citizens who pay taxes. Eighteen citizens doing this would earn respect. They would be entitled to respect as men who neither accept pay nor seek plunder—as men who are not seen annually strangling each other in greed for cheap chairmanships and such perquisites as can be gleaned by dabbling in departmental routine.

These aldermen standing forward as an unpaid committee of select and elected citizens, supervising the work of a paid Mayor, a paid Board of Control and salaried permanent officials, need do nothing—would better do nothing—but deliberate on proposals and scrutinize results. Being unpaid they could properly legislate as to the pay of others. As it is now, everybody is on hand to thaw out the city treasury and make money leak through every crack. The Controllers filled their buckets last year. The aldermen this year are trying to persuade themselves that it is their duty to carry away an extra \$450 each. The Board of Education, hearing the clink of money, raises its cultured voice to remark that it would pay the city to pay its members \$500 or \$1,000 annually. The corporation laborers ask a minimum wage of \$2 per day. Is there anybody on the municipal pay-roll who isn't openly or behind the door seeking an increase? Who is to say "No" to anybody, when all are gathered in a common crowd to make assault on the City Hall safe? Not a Controller who has just filled his pail. Not an alderman, pail in hand. Not a Mayor who hates to speak an unkind word or bring a disappointed look to one expectant face.

So whoop it up. Come all ye. Be on hand when the melon's cut. If everybody gets a slice, nobody will have reason to complain except the taxpayer, and he will forget all about it by next January. It is true that an arbitrary interference with the price of labor is like poking a pole into an intricate machine. To make it worse the proposed increase would affect not only those in the city employ but those who work for contractors on civic jobs. As one contractor told the Controllers, it does not matter to him how high the wage is fixed—he can charge accordingly. Last year he paid \$88,000 in wages, 90 per cent. of it to a floating population of foreigners, black and tan. These are the men who do most of the work in paving. Salt the citizen who has to pay for local improvements, but send glad news to the palm groves of the South and to the sunny slopes of Italy.

SOME of the plumbers have not yet paid the fines imposed on them by the courts. Would it not be a good idea for Mayor Coatsworth to declare a public half-holiday and arrange with the Crown to cause these offenders to pay over the money in silver on the City Hall steps? As a public spectacle it should draw a great crowd of gratified citizens.

COMMERCIAL travellers have a peculiar interest in the Local Option question, for it concerns their daily comfort. The grip-men who belong to the Travellers' Club in London have been discussing the subject, and have reached the conclusion that, in view of the fact that nearly three hundred hotels in Ontario, that were formerly conducted under license, will, by the first of next May, have become boarding-houses, some representations on behalf of

commercial travellers should be made to the Ontario Government. A committee of travellers who have their headquarters in London has been appointed to interest the fraternity generally and interview the Government. This committee consists of Messrs. H. E. Buttery, Donald Ferguson, F. S. Fisher, J. J. Dyer, C. W. McGuire, S. F. Glass, and the club's counsel, Mr. E. W. M. Flock. They raise no dispute with the Local Option municipalities on the liquor question. What they ask is that houses of public accommodation shall be made a lawful necessity under Local Option, as under license. Heretofore a licensed hotel was compelled to cater to transient guests. When trains were late at night, the hotel had to keep open to receive the traveller, to supply him with food and a room to sleep in. His valise, his coat, anything he carried with him, the licensed house guaranteed the safety of. The law required the place to be clean, comfortable and sanitary. Under Local Option all guarantees are abolished. The hotel is but a boarding-house. The landlord is hot because he has lost or will lose his license in May, and he will conduct the place just to suit himself. He can give accommodation to one traveller and refuse it to another. In many places prices have been raised and the comforts reduced. The commercial travellers expend throughout Ontario about six million dollars annually; they go everywhere promoting improvements in hotels, railway services, postal conveniences and livery accommodation. They have been a strong modernizing influence on the province, and Local Option towns cannot dump them in the road. What they will ask of the Legislature is that

under the excesses of a republic. have only seemed to elect actually do it. Sir Anthony This nomination in a constituency That would be the Liberal nor constituency would divide their votes between these two, and one of them would be elected. To the voters it really has not mattered much which proved victorious at the polls. One, if elected, would represent Balfour, the other Campbell-Bannerman—neither would represent the constituency. Whichever side won, there would go up to Westminster a man devoted to the classes, the established order, ancient usages and vested rights. The laws of England are largely made by men not in trade, men who discuss trade condescendingly as the affair of a somewhat inferior order of beings who keep shop, but who, no doubt, are most useful in their way. Worse by far, more unrepresentative still, than the great aristocrat of England, is his flunkey, his social mimic, who seeks to climb into place by making favor with the ruling classes. These are the codgers that the people will get after first—those who go to parliament and wear the livery of the nobles instead of standing forward in their own garb as delegates from the busy places where the people work and worry.

The British parliament is an honorable body, but the taxpayer who supports it must become weary at times of hearing it described as the greatest club in the world. What the citizen of England is liable to need some day is less a club, and more a parliament. He will want to send somebody there who will suit him better than either

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England the people who regard a beer, whiskey and pigs' feet blow-out as the highest form of human enjoyment, those who remain aloof and abandon the party to such mismanagement have to accept their share of the blame.

SOME of these mornings when Registrar Nesbitt gets down to work as the whistles are blowing seven o'clock he may expect to find a messenger on the doorstep with a fine box of cigars for him with the compliments of Public Buildings Inspector Hastings. The Doctor is credited with having caused Mr. Hastings the loss of the License Inspectorship at the hands of the Whitney Government. Yet now the Ottawa Government has given Mr. Hastings the light, agreeable and remunerative job of inspecting those public buildings located in parts of Ontario where they will do the most good. It is a just appointment. Ill fares the political party that forgets its martyrs. The public buildings of this province have been crying for inspection for years past, but they had to wait until a suitable man was available. It is now Mr. Whitney's play. A Conservative postmaster has been martyred at Cannington. He must not suffer at the hands of the enemy, and the Provincial Government should appoint him to inspect the weather in an automobile.

MR. R. L. BORDEN, the Conservative leader—when will the newspaper writer feel that it is enough to name him without explaining who he is?—has been here this week addressing the students and enabling his enemies to say that he is a great success in a mock parliament. The woods are full of men who can tell Mr. Borden how he should have led his party and how he could have led it to victory ere this. But you can't believe all you hear, even in the woods. Mr. Borden has had, up to date, about as much chance of carrying Canada as Edward Blake had of winning the country away from its adherence to Sir John Macdonald. Everybody knows this, including Mr. Borden. Catch any man alone, get his honest opinion, and it will be that the Opposition has no prospect whatever of returning to office during Sir Wilfrid Laurier's day. He has a nearly solid Quebec at his back, a solid Nova Scotia, and in the other provinces the advantage that the pressure of power gives him. He always has men working in his shop who know how to turn the pressure on. Only excitable and insincere persons talk of defeating him, as if it could be done off-hand. He could, of course, by some great folly, destroy himself, but it would have to be a great one. He has weakened himself since the last general election more perhaps than he suspects, but less perhaps than some of his opponents could wish or would have expected.

Mr. Borden is not in a hurry. He is a young man and can wait. He might have spent himself in a furious contest with a leader he could not overthrow; instead of that, he seems to have been training from the first to remain unspent and capable of leading a Conservative party from all Canada when, on Sir Wilfrid's retirement, Quebec again divides into two political parties.

WHILE in Toronto, however, Mr. Borden has said one thing that is very much worth while. He says that he will press his point, making it unlawful for members of parliament who are lawyers, to represent clients who have business with committees of the House. Mr. Borden is himself an eminent lawyer, and he sees that both parliament and the legal profession are injured by this practice. A lawyer-member cannot serve the country as he should if for a fee he uses his voice and influence in committees in favor of his client—perhaps a client who came to him because he is a member and has a vote and influence over the votes of other members. This practice could be carried to the point of scandal and, if carried that far, might reasonably result in a widespread revolt against sending lawyers to parliament. The legal profession should take the subject up and support the views expressed by Mr. Borden. The ethics of the profession recently called forth some earnest remarks from Chancellor Boyd, and it is high time the subject received attention. While actually under the roof of parliament the lawyer-member should surely be the representative of his constituency and not the paid servant of any person or company seeking privileges from parliament.

WHEN a murderer ascends the gallows and pays the penalty of his crime it is customary for those who witness his taking-off to remark upon the fact that he faced death without visible manifestations of fear. Some, on reading of such affairs, account it a merit in the departing criminal that his nerve did not desert him at the last. A case much more worthy of being preserved in decent men's memories is reported from Portland, Oregon. In a fire there a night watchman named Young made heroic efforts in rescuing horses from a blazing building. Three times he rushed in and brought frantic animals to safety. Going back a fourth time he was trapped to his death. Reappearing for a moment at an upper window he waved his arms to those below: "Good-by, boys, I can't get out this time." That man kept his courage to the last and met death in its most terrible form without flinching. There are heroes of peace who outdo the heroes of war.

FORTY years have gone by since Canada took her last important step in statesmanship. The discontented provinces were then brought into confederation. Much has been done since in a supplementary way, but there has remained always undone and awaiting the doing another act of statesmanship which might now very well engage the attention of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Newfoundland yet remains outside.

There is no reason for this. The old island sits in the Gulf belonging neither to Europe nor America while she remains as she is. Great Britain ceases to be the solicitous mother nation, for the forty-year-old Dominion grows in wealth and self-reliance. Nobody can consult a map without seeing that Newfoundland and Canada should be one. Geographical considerations may have no weight where two countries are concerned, peopled with different races and divided by a barrier of sentiment more formidable than a range of mountains, but in this case the peoples of the two colonies are under the same crown, beneath the same sky, speak the same language, and respect the same laws. To bring about a union of the two colonies should not be difficult under these circumstances, yet should Sir Wilfrid Laurier succeed in doing it his place in history would be established. It looks like a job that had been expressly left over and reserved for him. For some reason Sir John Macdonald maintained an attitude of indifference towards the question of bringing Newfoundland into the union. No doubt he felt that he had blocked out enough work for his generation. He always had his hands full. Sir John Abbott regarded himself as but a stop-gap in the Premiership. Under the guidance of Sir John Thompson and Sir Macleenzie Bowell negotiations for the admission of Newfoundland dragged along for a couple of years, but ended in nothing, after an abortive conference in Montreal. Newfoundland asked too much or Canada offered too little—it does not matter now, except to recall that the amount in dispute



TWO GENTLEMEN FROM OTTAWA.

Mr. Borden encounters a Politic Stranger on the streets of Toronto, and remarks sotto voce: "Who can he be? I've met him somewhere before. His face is certainly familiar."

temperance hotels shall be licensed and regulated as were those that sold liquor. Each county rests under an obligation to supply accommodation to the stranger and it is reasonable to expect the Legislature to take this view of it.

ON my desk is a circular letter from Chicago, bearing a United States postage stamp, and advertising a business located only two of three blocks away from this spot. Perhaps one thousand or twenty thousand of these letters were mailed in a foreign country, the postage paid to a foreign Government, the letters carried free through the Canadian mails and delivered free by Toronto postmen, advertising a local merchant's business to his local customers. Three times in a year have I received business announcements in behalf of city firms bearing United States postage stamps, each time in behalf of a different firm, which shows that the practice bids fair to become general. In the postal arrangements between Canada and the United States they exist, this country gets the worst of it right and left. Our post office carries hundreds of tons of mail matter for Uncle Sam for which no money is paid and for which no equivalent service is rendered. It is time for a new deal. If local business houses in scattering circulars over the town are going to get their printing done abroad and pay their postage abroad, the whole matter takes a form that must force itself on the attention of the postal authorities.

THE British people have made a step towards electing a representative parliament, and naturally the ruling classes are much alarmed. A man always feels that if he should pull his support from under the roof of things, there would be a crash. No doubt those big life insurance men in New York who were feathering their nests snugly are fully convinced that the businesses they were priod out of will not prosper as under their care. A dethroned king will sob for the fate of his former subjects

Sir Anthony This or the Hon. Reginald That. He will want to send up a man who will speak and say what the people wish said, and not limit himself to what the club considers good form. In fact, it may be apprehended that the people of England are about to poke their noses into the business of governing Great Britain, and there is no telling what a hull will do in a china shop. In time it may become fashionable in England to keep out of parliament, and perhaps a spell of that would not be a bad thing. In a story recently published the social life of the city of Washington is reflected, and one of the characters, viewing the frivolous, predicts that "some day a herd of wild steers from the Western States will rush in here, and trample all this down. Then the country will get a new deal."

SPEAKING about the choice the electors have in an English constituency, what choice have the people of North Toronto had this week? The people, in actual fact, have had nothing to do with making nominations. A few persons decide these matters, and when polling day arrives, the electors are supposed to turn out and vote for one of two men, neither of whom may be acceptable to the majority of people. In the party conventions, it is supposed, the public gets a chance to express itself. But is that not mostly a fiction? Before the convention opens Somebody knows just how everything is going to turn out—how this, that and the other one will be pulled off, and the winning ribbon pinned on the fluttering bosom of the man who worked the wires right in advance—or for whom the wires were rightly worked by others. Things will be done this way just as long as some men continue to be smarter than some other men, and it is idle for citizens who will not leave their firesides at night to attend ward meetings to complain if those who do attend them succeed in selecting the kind of candidates they want, and succeed in running the sort of election contest that suits their taste. If the ward politics of a party are left in the control of those followers of a party

was not large enough to have scared William Mackenzie or any modern business man in a radial railway deal. That was not a fortunate moment for a Big Project to rise above the surface in politics. Canada was headless at the time. The nominal leader of her Government was neither well advised nor loyally served. The pressing problem of the day was not how to annex an additional colony, but how to retain office in this one. The country as it stood was already large enough to give the administration of the day all the trouble it could handle. The Manitoba school question, with seven league boots, was striding towards Ottawa. Letters were already crossing the ocean telling Sir Charles Tupper that he alone could save the party. Yet, when he arrived at last, the opportunity to bring Newfoundland in, had been wasted. Even had it not been so, he could have done nothing, for during his brief Premiership he was busy as a man drowning in a whirlpool.

In his ten years' Premiership Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not concerned himself specially with the scheme of annexing Newfoundland, although, as I have said, he looks like a man who had been designed from the first for the task. The French Shore difficulty has been removed, or such of it as remains could be made harmless by the negotiations that a French-Canadian Premier of Canada could carry through. A couple of years ago two or three of the leading men of Newfoundland were in Toronto, and publicly discussed the subject of annexation. At that time one could not help feeling that, to bring it about, needed only the exercise of some large-minded statesmanship. An island like that may drift away some day if not securely moored.

THE other day meeting Mr. Gordon Waldron, who has just returned from Nicaragua where he has spent several months looking after extensive rubber and banana plantations owned by himself and other Canadian capitalists, I made some enquiries about the native races, animals and birds of that country. His description of the macaw made it a very interesting bird, and so I asked him why he did not bring up a pair of them and present them to the city as an addition to the already fine collection in the Riverdale zoo.

"Oh," said Mr. Waldron, "had I done so, I should probably have made myself a butt for the cynical humor of the city press. Nobody is going to give Toronto anything or help Toronto, if the terrible batteries of the city's newspaper wit are likely to be trained on him."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"It is worse than that. It seems to me that in Toronto only the pachyderms dare venture into the open. All the other animals stand by their holes ready to pop in at the sound of danger."

"Like gophers."

"Just like gophers. In this city you complain of the men who conduct civic affairs or enter parliament. The men you want are in hiding. The wise men are in hiding. The universities are silent as were the pulpits in the days of King John."

"But," said I, "where is it different? Are our newspapers greater offenders than those elsewhere?"

"One notes at once the difference," said Mr. Waldron, "in the South—in the papers of Atlanta, Mobile and New Orleans, and they have in Joel Chandler Harris an incomparable standard of humor."

Speaking in court the other day Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., inveighed against "the yellow evening journals" of Toronto. He said it was impossible for a corporation to get justice from a jury on account of the attitude of the evening newspapers which were always shouting for the people and against the franchise-holding corporations. The astonished evening press makes answer: "Street railway interests," says the *Telegram*, "can retain an abundance of lawyers to protect them. Public rights need all the protection that faithful newspapers can offer. Newspapers do not abuse Mr. Wallace Nesbitt because he is faithful to his client—the Street Railway Company. Why should Wallace Nesbitt be grieved almost to tears because newspapers are faithful to their client—the public?" The *Star* says: "Of course the press is yellow when the eminent counsel loses a case. Everything is yellow. The air itself is full of little yellow specks and other indications of biliousness. . . . Far better that he should use the thick, muscular body of the press for a punching bag than that he should scold the office boy or kick the cat when he loses." Mayor Coatsworth, within the week, has denounced the city press as idiotic in its attitude towards the peace negotiations the city has been carrying on with the Street Railway Company. But the daily press feels like the owner of a lamb that goes to lie down with a lion. However, what's the matter with the press? Why these various attacks on it? What's it been doing lately?

FOR some days past Dr. Ryerson, Mr. S. W. Burns and Alderman Geary have seen strange footprints in the snow leading towards North Toronto, and at the Conservative nomination on Wednesday night Mr. W. K. McNaught had arrived and was made the candidate of the party. The respective desirability of the Conservative and the Liberal nominations in North Toronto at the present time may be inferred from the fact that there was a hot contest for the one, while ex-Mayor Urquhart got the other without a struggle. It would be in keeping with the ex-Mayor's luck to walk off with the prize that nobody else supposed was there. In putting up Mr. McNaught the Conservatives have made an excellent choice. He is a level-headed man of business, and a good citizen, who never could belong to the office-chasing and place-hunting fraternity.

TORONTO man took out a ten thousand dollar policy with an accident insurance company, and having been struck by a street car and killed, his executors are suing the company for the amount. Payment was refused, according to the proceedings as reported in the daily press, on the ground that the insured had misrepresented the state of his health at the time of taking out the policy. This is something new, surely. People all over the country are carrying accident insurance without supposing that any such question as this could be raised should a fatal accident befall them. For several years I have been carrying insurance of this kind and, as far as I remember, the state of my health was guessed at. The agent looked me over with his glad brown eye, talked like a hurricane, got me to sign several papers, including a cheque, shook hands and left. Once a year I pay a premium and there seems no chance of realizing a cent on the investment. Yet if the policy were allowed to lapse, something would happen to me almost at once. The agent keeps me informed of many such unfortunate cases as they occur. The man who carries accident insurance, however, wants to know that, if the worst should happen, his family would not be deceived as to the provision his policy makes for their welfare. He wants to know absolutely. There is no class of litigation in which the people should take so sharp an interest as in disputed insurance claims, whether life or accident. These cases concern everybody, yet full information about them is hard to get, because actions are so often settled. Too often the beneficiary will accept any sort of settlement rather than lose all in a legal fight. The company, therefore, that can show a good record in fully meeting all claims has something to recommend it.

Quite recently a life company in the local courts contested a claim on the ground that the insured had misstated his age by one year in his application. A man may innocently commit such an error. At all events his widow should not be deprived of all the fruits of the policy through what may have been an error. In fairness there might be deducted from the insurance an amount equal to the sum, with compound interest, that he should have paid in on the correct age basis. An accident policy is frequently contested on the ground that a man was insured as "a manager," whereas the company is able to show,

after his death, that he was "a working manager," and was not eligible for insurance under the plan and at the annual price collected from him. The man who carries insurance should see whether the policy means what he thinks it does. He should supply proof of age and get the company's acceptance of it. With an accident policy he should make sure that it will be just as good if the principal falls due to his heirs as it is while the premiums are falling due and he is paying them. If the fact that a man has a bad liver is going to invalidate his accident insurance in case he gets killed in a railway wreck, those who carry this kind of insurance should undergo medical examination before paying any more premiums. Even where a man makes a change of occupation, or where his life and habits grow irregular, some obligation should rest on the company, as a party to the insurance contract, to see that the bargain is newly adjusted or cancelled. If a man's money be accepted right along until it is the company's turn to make good its undertaking, it should then be too late to have the whole deal declared void.

There is a surprising number of men, however, who carry no insurance or very little, and give wholly inadequate reasons for their neglect. A man ought to carry insurance, and he should start young—the younger the better. Too often it is the case that when a man is between twenty and thirty the insurance agents chase him in vain; while between thirty and forty he chases them but can't get insured—is rejected by the doctors.

MACK.

Rhymes About Rulers.

Once more the mace is grandly borne
By Sergeant with a sword,
Who lays the glittering symbol on
A highly-polished board.

Once more the Speaker dons his gown,
And walks with stately tread,
The cocky hat becomes right well
St. John's impressive head.

The Premier wears a nice black suit,
He smiles across the way,
And nods at Opposition men
In festive mood and gay.

And Pense is there from Kingston town,
With his election sure;
They frowned upon corruption dark,
The votes were clean and pure.

Where's Beattie of Toronto North,
Beloved of all the boys?
Alas! he is a registrar,
And dare not make a noise.

But Foy is there with cheerful smile.
He knows about the laws,
And is a friend of Samuel Blake's,
Because, you know—because.

There's Dr. Pyne, who runs the schools,
And he will have to see
That, in the future, pedagogues
Shall have more sal-ar-ee.

And Reame comes from Windsor shores,
To represent the French,
And sees that in the Public Works
The watchword is "Retrench."

But Hanna has a happy time,
In watching liquor laws,
And crazy folks, and criminals—
Hotelmen, too, he awes.

The Colonel from the Eastern parts,
Looks after all the dough,
And finds the Temiskaming loans
Are just a trifle slow.

The mines of rich Ontario
To Cochrane's lot do fall;
He watches lest the foreign foe
Should make a Cobalt haul.

Monteith is e'er the farmer's friend,
He knows about the soil,
And tells how every Tory loves
The man of honest toil.

And now Ontario's papers blaze
With oratory's spark;
The House is open once again,
There's "doins" in the Park.

J. G.

What is Popularity?

HERE are men who profess to despise popularity, who claim that they care not what opinion, good or bad, the world may hold of them. But there are few such, and if their claim is genuine they are both unnatural and unwise. Nearly everyone enjoys popularity when that enjoyment can be his. It is good to be thought well of, and for many reasons the great majority of people strive to win the approval of the public. To one man the public may mean the people who live in the neighborhood of his grocery store, to another it may mean the millions who constitute a nation. Everyone is dependent upon those who make up his world, whether it be small or great, for the fulfillment of the desires of his life, and naturally he endeavors by every means possible to become an attractive figure so that he may surround himself with a world as rich and large as he can. Whether a man be seeking patronage or admiration or esteem or the confidence that makes his position influential, he does well to make himself popular if possible. But the talent for popularity seems to sprout from some essential quality of personality rather than to grow from the most careful nursing. There is something mysterious and indefinable about this quality, whatever it may be. It is easy to say that a man is popular because he is likable, and that he is likable because he is generous or good-natured or light-hearted or sincere. But a man may be all these things and more and yet not be popular. Run over all the popular men you know and you may discover that they have scarcely anything in common. Certainly they will not all be found to possess some striking personal quality or characteristic, to which one can point unmistakably and say, "There it stands, plain and clear—the source of popularity in all these men. The list will include noisy men, quiet men, good-looking and plain men, jolly and retiring men—all sorts and conditions.

Neither will talent always bring personal popularity. Often we see a man who is a popular lawyer or preacher or soldier or actor, but who has no personal hold on the affections of the public, or whose popularity is almost purely professional. For example the late Sir Henry Irving was a great favorite in Toronto. When he came here no theater in the city was large enough to accommodate the thousands who were eager to hear him at almost any price. His popularity, however, was a tribute to his art and quite different from the familiar affection with which Mr. E. S. Willard is greeted.

When John Hay died many speculations of analytic interest were made as to why he had not been a great popular figure in the United States. He was a man of wide culture and great talents, a scholar, a traveller, an author; he was sincere and patriotic and his was perhaps the best-rounded character possessed by any statesman of his time in the American Republic. Yet he never caught

the popular fancy, and could never have reached the Presidential chair or any other high elective office.

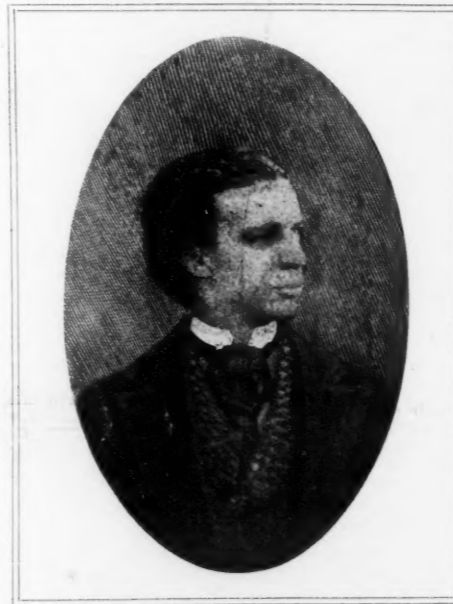
In Canadian public life, in the time of the present generation, there have not been more than two great popular idols—Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. During the past quarter of a century other great statesmen have ably served the Dominion or become provincial giants and have been honored and well-beloved, but these two stand apart as incomparably popular national figures. Certain strong points of resemblance in Sir John and Sir Wilfrid are often emphasized, particularly some sameness of outline in their facial features, but there can be no question that their characters are widely unlike and that they took different roads to popularity. Next week the Premier will visit Toronto and will in this Conservative city be given a welcome such as perhaps no other living Canadian could receive here. If Massey Hall were to be packed next Wednesday evening by Conservatives instead of Liberals, his personal popularity would ensure him a welcome little less warm than that which he will be accorded by his own party followers. Although the city invariably votes against the Liberal Premier it always shouts itself hoarse for the popular Sir Wilfrid.

Such is the power of popularity. We see it on every hand, but though we pursue it in all diligence and the ardor of selfishness, we cannot follow it to its source. Probably the best way to attain popularity that is worth having is to quit confusing cause and effect—not to seek by smiles and blandishments to win favor that will prove profitable, but by the cultivation of wholesome human qualities and the doing of useful work to merit approval that is a reward, not a means of success. HAL.

When Sir Wilfrid was a Student.

THE visit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier next week is being looked forward to with the keenest interest by those who are going to be so fortunate as to hear him speak. The mere presence in our city of the most distinguished Canadian of his time is an event of more than passing importance, and the Liberal banquet in his honor on the 21st promises to be a celebration befitting the occasion. In the bustle of preparation for the banquet, however, the real reason for Sir Wilfrid's visit has been overlooked. He is coming on a long-standing invitation to be the guest of honor at the annual dinner of University College next Monday. The political banquet is only an afterthought.

Sir Wilfrid has spoken often enough in Toronto as a politician upon political subjects, but never before as a university man upon university matters, and his speech to the students will be, for that reason, all the more noteworthy. He himself is a scholar of no mean repute, and had a brilliant and successful career at school and university. His talents were such that if he had not entered



An Early Portrait of Sir Wilfrid.

the political arena he could have devoted his life with undoubted success, to either literary or academic pursuits.

Mr. J. S. Willison's able book, *Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party*, gives some interesting details of his early education. He attended the elementary school in his native town, St. Lin, and the Protestant elementary school at New Glasgow. His linguistic ability is shown by the readiness with which he mastered English. From the age of twelve, for seven years, he studied at L'Assomption College, and even at that early age gave unmistakable promise of his future success. The subjects in which he won most distinction were classics, English and French literature, and mathematics. We are informed that he was serious and grave for his years, and at sixteen exercised a veritable domination among his fellows solely through force of character and intellect. His delicate health kept him out of athletics, but he was none the less popular through his charm of conversation and gift for oratory. In 1861, at the age of 20, he began a law course at McGill, and throughout the three years stood well in his classes. At graduation he was not only second in general proficiency but was first in the thesis required for the degree. He also delivered the valedictorian address for his class at the convocation in 1864. Sir Wilfrid thus is well acquainted with the troubles and triumphs of a student's life, and although he kept close to his books, it is on record that he appreciated to the full the advantages of his friendships and its aspirations. By education and personal tastes he is eminently fitted—far more than most public men—to appraise the ideals of higher education. His remarks to the alumni and students of Toronto University will be interesting from the fact that he is a distinguished alumnus of McGill as well as the Premier of Canada. They will probably give us an insight into those qualities which make him a statesman rather than a politician.

We understand that, to avoid the inconvenience of overcrowding, King Alfonso suggested that the representatives of the various newspapers should elect a committee of six to watch his courtship.—Punch.

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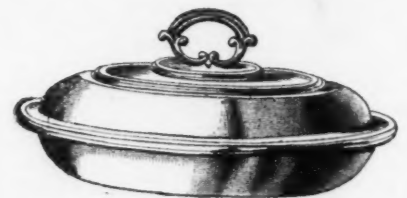
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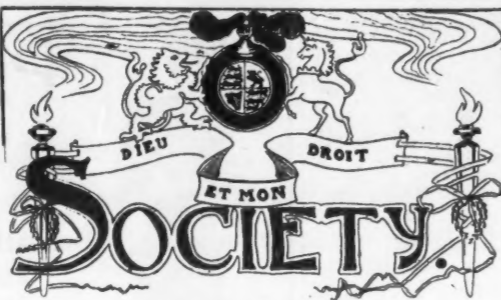
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RECEPTION DAYS.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Government House, February 22.
Mrs. T. S. Hill, 455 Euclid avenue, 3rd Thursday.
Mrs. Maurice Buckley, 1528 King west, 1st and 3rd Thurs-
days.
Mrs. R. S. Wilson, 208 Bloor west, 1st Thursday and Fri-
day.
Mrs. C. W. Ramsay, Mrs. Allan Ramsay, 1564 King west,
February 16.
Mrs. W. E. Raney, 117 Madison avenue, 2nd and 4th Fri-
days.
Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, Avenue road, February 23.
Mrs. John J. Dixon, Cluny avenue, Tuesdays.
Mrs. Edgar M. Paul, 563 Spadina crescent, 1st Monday.
Mrs. G. M. Bertram, Mrs. Skinner, 76 Madison avenue,
2nd and 4th Fridays.
Mrs. McCurdy, 72 Spadina road, February 23.
Mrs. Franklin Dawson, 494 Spadina avenue, 2nd and 4th
Thursdays.
Mrs. R. J. Christie, 55 Wellesley street, March 5 and 12.
Mrs. Wilkinson, St. Peter's Rectory, February 19 and 26.
Mrs. Duncan Donald, 74 Elm avenue, February 19 and 26.
Mrs. E. P. Heaton, 37 St. Mary's street, 3rd and 4th Fri-
days.
Mrs. Herbert R. Glass, 352 High Park avenue, Toronto
Junction, 3rd and 4th Fridays.

THE opening of parliament took place with much
ecstasy on Thursday, a ripping fine February day,
cold and shining, being the weather man's loyal
offering. Mrs. Whitney had quite a party, her
two daughters, Mrs. Pringle of Ottawa and
Miss Morris of Jarvis street, and also her
niece, Miss Mollie Whitney, being with her. His Honor
and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the Misses Clark with Mr.
Douglas Young in attendance were the principal guests
of the premier. Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore a lovely pink
brocade gown with much Venetian lace; Miss Clark was
in blue taffeta and Miss Elise in white taffeta. With the
exception of Miss Morris, who wore blue, Mrs. Whitney's
was a white party, she herself being in white brocade
with a lovely orchid bouquet. Mrs. Thompson was in
cream lace, Mrs. Pringle in white lace, Miss Mollie
Whitney of Prescott in a white silk Princess gown, Miss
Whitney in her prettiest frock, frilled from shoulder to
hem with Valenciennes lace. As we go to press too early
to give a more detailed account, one can only afford a
glimpse such as this of the brilliant scene. The 48th
Highlanders provided the guard of honor, and General
Otter and the officers of the permanent and volunteer
forces were present in full array. The opening tea was
held in the Speaker's chambers, and was a fine affair,
music, flowers and crowds of people attending. In the
evening His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor entertained
at the State dinner, some 65 guests. The table, set in the
ball-room was beautifully done with a variety of flowers,
azaleas, white and pink, being used down the center of the
festive board. His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto sat
on His Honor's right and Dr. Armstrong of Ottawa, the
Moderator of the General Assembly, on his left. The
veteran ex-Governor, Sir William Howland, was the next
most honored guest.

Mrs. Worthington's bridge of four tables on Tuesday
was a very jolly affair, the players had a new experience
in having refreshments served during the hours usually
unbroken at play, and resumed the game afterwards. Mrs.
Kenneth Dunstan, Mrs. De Leigh Wilson, Mr. E. H.
Duggan, and Miss Ruthford were the fortunate ones.

Mrs. McClung is giving a bridge and her daughter,
Miss Norma Stevens, is having seven hand euchre for
some of her girl friends, on next Thursday afternoon,
with the customary addition of a few non-players for tea
after the game.

Miss Kemp of Castle Frank is having a musical on
Monday evening and her friends are on the *qui vive* to
hear her sing.

Mrs. Peterson gave a pleasant tea on Tuesday after-
noon at her home, 318 St. George street, one of the cosy
new houses recently finished in the far north. Mrs.
Peterson received in a very becoming grey voile with
white lace, and Mrs. Maclellan, Mrs. Harry Duggan,
Miss Peden, Miss Milne and Miss Lois Duggan assisted
in the tea-room, which was done in crimson tulips and
lily of the valley.

Miss Brydges of Winnipeg is again visiting Mrs. L.
A. Hamilton, having returned from Ottawa, and Mrs.
Hamilton was at home as usual this evening.

Mr. Patterson, the new manager of the Merchants
Bank, is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Jack Gilmour, and with
her and Mr. Gilmour, Miss McLeod and Mrs. G. R. R.
Cockburn were Mrs. Denison's guests in her box at Mas-
sey Hall on Wednesday night. This evening the Countess
Ruffalo, her son, Count Rene, Mrs. J. E. Thompson and
one or two other friends will share the same cosy loge.
People have from time to time requested that a few hooks
might be screwed in at the back of the boxes in Massey
Hall for hanging coats and wraps upon, but the hooks
have not materialized in all these years. A week or two
since, an occupant of one of the boxes brought down some
and had a muscular young officer screw them into the
wall. When the loges are filled there is nothing for it
but to pitch cloaks, coats and hats in a corner of the
floor. Please, Mr. Manager, have half a dozen hooks put
up for us!

One of the "might-have-beens" of which one scarcely
dares to think was on the road to a tragedy in the King
Edward ball-room on Wednesday night. A dancer,
fumbling for a programme pencil, let fall a match, the
next man danced on it, and it flared up under the feet of
his partner, a girl in a very airy net gown. What might
have ensued, but was providentially averted, though the
match burned on, might have rendered the *poudre* of 1906
a memory no one would care to recall.

The busy days before Lent are crowded with teas,
dances, luncheons, dinners and card parties. Mrs. J. B.
Maclean of Parklands is giving a tea on the 24th and gave
a luncheon on Tuesday. Mrs. Heaven, 131 Bloor west, is
also giving a tea next Saturday. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock
gave a luncheon on Thursday. Small and delightful din-
ners are constantly gathering congenial friends at several
beautiful homes such as Chudleigh, where Mrs. Fisk is
chataleine for Mr. Beardmore. Mrs. Riddell gave a very
nice bridge on Wednesday. Mrs. Nordheimer had some
young folks for dinner on Wednesday, and with them
attended the *poudre*.

The Dickens Fellowship dinner on Wednesday of last
week was a very enjoyable and distinctive one. Professor
Clark who was to have spoken was unable to be present,
and Mr. Hincks left his address on the religion of Dickens
to the March meeting. I rather fancy Dickens would say
that a gentleman's religion is his own affair, but he's been

dead a long while, dear soul, and there will be no pro-
test from the Fellowship. The programmes at the
banquet were interesting with the apt quotations for each
course and the president was beaming with pleasure at
the large and enthusiastic company who attended. Partic-
ulars of the after programme have been fully reported
in all the daily papers.

Mrs. Escombe, cousin of Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne,
has left for Bermuda after a visit of two months to Mrs.
Osborne.

Captain James Elmsley has been offered and accepted
an exchange which will give him a residence of several
years in India. No doubt this will be pleasant for him,
but is a cause of great regret to his social, military and
polio friends, all of whom will miss him very much. One
cannot think of a dashing game of polo without "Strau
and Jim," but as India is the home of polo, the Captain
will have plenty of practice.

Mrs. Phillips gave a very pretty little Valentine lunch-
eon to half a dozen friends on Wednesday. The table
was done in red with red-shaded candles and the cakes,
ice and good things in heart shape. The place
cards were particularly pretty and dainty.

The big Valentine luncheon given at the Hunt Club
by Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and her sister, Mrs. W. H.
Cawthra, was a veritable "beauty party," and the festi-
vity was a lovely offering to the amorous saint. The
company went down in private cars, and found the Hunt
Club dining-room a thing of beauty and a joy for an
hour or two while the glowing tables crowned with
flowers and set with suggestive hearts and darts looked a
play-ground for Cupid indeed. A few of our prettiest
young matrons and many of the smart young set were at
this jolly luncheon, which was an event long to be re-
membered with that reminiscent smile which recalls a
good time.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Cornelia Gerhard Heintz-
man gave a tea to about 75 of her girl friends, "not-outs,"
who will soon be in the vortex of gaiety which takes up
the time of their elders. The young hostess received with
her mother in the drawing-room, in pink *point d'esprit* over
pink silk and carrying pink flowers, which latter were also
used for the embellishment of the *salon*. Mrs. Bascome and
Miss Gerhard Heintzman assisted in the reception-room.
The tea-table in the dining-room was decorated with deep
red carnations, smilax and maiden-hair, and lit with red-
shaded candles, and Mrs. Jack Bertram, aunt of the girl
hostess, and Miss Kennedy, fiancée of her only brother,
poured tea and coffee, assisted by four young girls in
white, comrades of Miss Cornelia. An orchestra played
during the afternoon and another bright memory of
bounteous hospitality is added to the traditions of Tannen-
heim.

Mrs. Duncan Donald's two receptions at 74 Elm ave-
nue were attended by hosts of friends on Monday and
Tuesday afternoons, whose admiration of the extremely
pretty and dainty house which the young couple have
planned and furnished with so much taste and judgment,
was sincere and outspoken. The happy little matron re-
ceived in the drawing-room in her white satin and lace
bridal gown, and carried violets and lily of the valley in a
pretty round nosegay; her only jewel was the splendid
diamond star Mr. Donald gave her as his bridal gift. Every
nook and corner of the house was freely thrown open to
the visitors, who lingered in the cosy den upstairs, peeped
into the guest-room done in deep rose with trellises of
poppies, sleep securing, on the walls, and other dainty
apartments, even to the uppermost floor, finding everything
perfectly charming. I don't know what valiant spirit first
conceived the notion of tramping through the length and
breadth of a bride's home, but it is a privilege which
suffers in the using, and has sometimes overreached the
limitations set by good taste. However, when, as on Mrs.
Donald's days, the houseparty is secure in the assurance
of no crevice for the most critical to insert a carping word,
there seems little objection to letting the friends roam
"foot-loose and fancy free." A mistake has, I am told,
been made elsewhere in announcing Mrs. Donald's recep-
tion dates, and she will receive also on the two remaining
Mondays of this month as well as the past Monday and
Tuesday. The tea-table was particularly pretty, done in
jonquils and lily of the valley, and presided over by the
bride's sister, Miss McArthur, and the Mesdames Donald
and Gordon. The two mothers, Mrs. Donald and Mrs.
McArthur, were in the drawing-room with the hostess.

The reception given last Saturday in the City Hall by
His Worship the Mayor of Toronto and Mrs. Coatsworth
deserves a place of honor in the roll of civic functions, for
it was exceedingly well done, the arrangements being car-
ried out perfectly, and neither the crowds nor the confu-
sion which sometimes rule at similar events being for a
moment in evidence. Huge policemen directed the callers
on their way, and woe betide you if you didn't go where
you ought, up certain stairs, through certain doors, down
delightful byways lined with palms and exquisite flowers,
and finally into the magic circle where the city daddies sit
in council, and where a lovely bed of palms and flowers
reared its fragrance in place of the council table, while
beyond stood Mr. and Mrs. Coatsworth with the glad hand
and the solicitous remark for all, "Be sure you are well
looked after in the tea-room." Mrs. Coatsworth wore a
pearl grey gown, quiet and pretty, and her fine young
daughter and a girl friend were near her with welcomes
as hearty as her own. Then out you went, with a mam-
moth Bobby telling you how, and reached the "tea-room,"
in the grand corridor, quite the biggest of its kind I re-
member, with an endless buffet all deep pink carnations
and crimson-shaded candles, and good things to eat and
drink, and music when you could hear it, for the laughter
and the gabble of the merry crowd; and officials and so-
ciety dames, and soldiers and just ordinary citizens, all
having a grand time. Tall Registrar Ryan, with his
"snowy pow" telling good stories to an hilarious circle, de-
mure Treasurer Coady and his lady, Controller Alfred
Jones and his pretty wife, parsons and politicians, girls and
boys, and a baby, with its Pa and Ma from "de ward,"
for it was a citizens' reception really, not "so-called." And
all around and about, those huge policemen, enjoying their
indoor duty with evident appreciation, and sending you
down your proper stairs to go home with a jolly grin, as
much as to say, "I'll not do a thing to you this time!" The
order and comfort which obtained on Saturday recalled the
scene of distress and dismay when royal visitors held a
levee at the Parliament Buildings, with encomiums for
the latest attempt to let Toronto unabridged have entrance.
Mr. Chambers did his prettiest with flowers and green to
make one forget what time of year it was, such wealth of
glorious flowers being seldom seen outside a conservatory.

On Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid asked
some of their friends to a view of Mr. Reid's work before
it went away to exhibitions. Despite the rush and crowd
of ante-Lenten events many sought the far studio in
Indian road, between three and five o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Webb gave a progressive euchre
on Tuesday evening at their home in Madison avenue.

Invitations for the Toronto Canoe Club At Home,
which is to be held at McConkey's, on Friday evening,
February 23rd, are already at a premium as the House
Committee, with vivid recollections of last year's crush,
strictly limited their issue to the number of one hundred
and while many of the young folk are bewailing their loss,
the fortunate holders are assured of even better than the
usual bright and jolly time. The patronesses this year
are Mesdames J. G. Ramsey, E. E. King, T. D. Bailey,
G. B. Kelsey, N. A. Powell, M. A. Thomas, Joseph
Oliver, E. A. Blackhall and George A. Howell.

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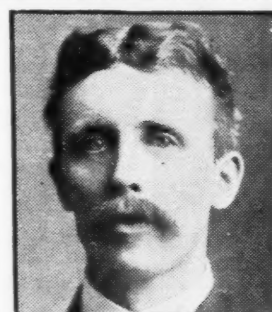
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Canada's foremost hair and scalp
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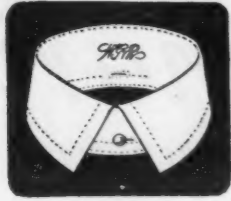
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THE Poudre ball, to which such a large contingent of the young set have been looking forward with great anticipation, came off with much éclat on Wednesday evening at the King Edward. The ladies who worked so hard for its success certainly had reason to be satisfied with the result of their labors, a goodly sum having been added to the bank account of the Depository and everyone having only nice things to say of the dance. The usual complete arrangements for tiring-rooms and plenty of sitting-out corners, a very nice but not elaborate supper, an excellent orchestra and the good floor of the American dining-room for dancing, what more could the young set require or their elders provide. The lady patronesses were out in force, Mrs. J. L. Davidson in a lovely pink gown and pompadour coiffure, Mrs. Nordheimer in grey striped satin and velvet with choux of orange velvet in her coiffure poufée and on her lace bertha, a touch of rouge and a patch or two giving her a charming appearance. Mrs. Frank Arnold in black with a lovely scarf fichu of Limerick lace, Mrs. Palmer in grey with some lovely white lace and jewels, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston in blue with applications and bertha of exquisite lace, Mrs. Melvin-Jones in a black dress glittering with paillettes, Mrs. Parkyn Murray in grey pompadour brocade, and each of these ladies poufée and looking their very best. Mrs. Crowdy was very sweet in blue brocade and coiffure poufée; her husband was hugely smart in hunt pink—he is a member of an English hunt club. Several of the young men wore powder, some on their hair, others on various parts of their evening coats, where the pretty white heads had brushed or bumped against them. They say there was one young man with the end of his nose very powdery and the laugh followed him. As usual the girls were fascinating and the young matrons adorably pretty. Mrs. R. J. Christie was in palest blue satin with a quaint coiffure as white as snow, and looked quite charming. Miss Melvin-Jones was in a paillette gown, the scintillating black going well with her lovely neck and arms and puffed white coiffure. Miss Blundell-McEnery of Dublin was beautifully gowned in pale pink Liberty satin with applications of cream lace and pink chiffon roses, and her pretty hair perfectly dressed and powdered. Everyone is charmed with this delightful Irish girl, who was the cynosure of all eyes, in a box at the Mendelssohn Choir concert on Tuesday night. Miss Enid Wornum and her cousin, Miss Elsie Wilmore, looked lovely at the poufée, the former in pale pink satin and white lace paillette in gold, and the latter in blue, both daintily coiffed and poufée. A pretty little maid was Miss Marjorie German of Welland in red mousseline, her delicate features set off to perfection by the powder, rouge, and patches. Miss Dora Rowand was in white satin, poufée, and with a touch of red flowers in her coiffure. Miss Aimee Falconbridge was in grey crepe de soie, and had the fetching touch of rouge and patches to enhance her always bright face. Mrs. J. E. Elliott, handsomely gowned, brought her husband's niece, Miss Muriel Armstrong, who looked very nice in flowered organdy and powder in her pretty chestnut hair. Miss Trixy Phillips was a dainty poufée in blue silk. The Misses Nordheimer of Glenadyth, one in white silk with Dresden pattern, the other in deep ciel mousseline, many tiny frills edged with narrow white Valenciennes lace. Mrs. Charles Mitchell was in black and Miss Mabel Ross in pink. Miss Zillah Grantham looked well in white, Miss Clarkson Jones, lovely in powder and a dainty gown, Miss Kortright in white satin and with powdered hair, the Misses Melfort Boulton, three stunning girls, Miss Athol in white, Miss Naomi in pale pink, and Miss Adele in buttercup crepe with inserted medallions, were a trio anyone might be proud to know. Miss Yvonne Nordheimer looked so well that her friends regret the pretty touch of color in her cheeks was only for an hour. Miss Marjorie Machray was in white with powdered hair. Miss Grace Hemming, who came with her father, was in white d'esprit and a wreath of roses in her coiffure. Miss Helen Davidson was in white satin, a poufée, and Miss Katie Hagarty looked very well in pink. Miss Kathleen Gordon wore palest blue crepe de Chine with pink roses on the flounce. Miss Gertrude Larsons was in white. Miss Grace McFavish also wore white. Miss Miles was in black sequined lace, and Miss Lillian Miles in pink. Miss Lillian Lee was in black sequined net. The Misses Mortimer Clark, both in white, Miss Elsie's gown touched with dull blue, were at the ball, attended by Mr. Douglas Young. Mrs. Arthur Massey wore a handsome cream lace gown over pink and pink roses in her hair; Miss Somerville of Atterly wore a shimmering yellow crepe de soie, and Miss Austin of Spadina a lovely pale blue satin, each looked her best in the pretty rouge and patches of the poufée ball. Miss Rolph was charming in pink, and Miss Viva Kerr looked extremely nice in white. Miss Alexander of Bon Accord was the dearest of poufées in a pale blue satin gown, and Miss Vira Stirling was bright and pretty in white. Mrs. Stirling, in a very smart white gown, chaperoned her little daughter. Miss Jessie McMurrich was in heliotrope gauze. Mrs. Hedley Bond in a handsome white gown and her guest, Mrs. Pringle, in black lace were at the dance. Mrs. Thompson in flowered organdy, and Miss Nora Whitney in white d'esprit, came with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox, the latter in a handsome gown and looking very well. Miss Mary Clark wore white chiffon, Miss Isabel Ryerson wore blue, and was poufée. Captain and Mrs. Hector Reid, the tall young English lady looking stunning in the quaint coiffure of the night's fashion. Miss Hilda Reid in white point d'esprit. Miss Gladys Edwards, poufée and in white point d'esprit. Miss Peden in bright pale green and Miss Etta Taylor in lavender and white, a lovely gown; Miss Elsie Keefer in mouse grey, very artistic and striking. Miss Helen Matthews wore pale blue and was poufée. Miss Garrow, the daintiest little poufée in white satin. Miss Kemp of Castle Frank in pale green and sequined overdress, with her lovely Titian hair smothered in powder. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Rickford, the lady looking brighter and bonnier than ever, in a white gown and white curled wig. Dr. McConnell brought his young wife (nee Lister), who looked exceedingly well and became her powdered hair finely. Miss Muriel Dick, in white and mauve, came with her stalwart brother. Miss Edith Cross looked very handsome and became the poufée well; Miss Norris was a charming little poufée in white, and Miss Allie Rutter looked like a French picture in her fetching "grey" hair and pretty frock. Mrs. Sylvester came in a red silk, veiled in black lace, and Miss Adele was in Dolly Varden mousseline with a mignon little face framed in powdered hair, the latter showing off her dark eyes to perfection. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Playfair, the latter in a lovely white gown panelled with Dresden silk, was very pretty. Mrs. Harry Boulton looked very pretty, so did her sister, Miss Akers. Miss Heaven was so disguised by her poufée coiffure that some friends did not recognize her. Miss Norma Stevens was in pale blue. Miss Daisy Boulton was daintily gowned in pink. Mrs. Lyon was very becomingly gowned in white silk, and wore her hair rolled and powdered. Miss Whish looked quite lovely in white. Miss Heron stunning in blue. One could go on for pages enumerating the pretty women and their charms but space and time lack for further detail of the beauties of the olden time who crowded the ball-room on

Wednesday evening. Some of the men at the ball were Colonel Hemming, Colonel Davidson, Colonel Stimson, Captain Elmsley, Mr. MacMillan, D.S.O., Mr. Morrison, Mr. Duggan, Mr. Allan McIntosh, Mr. Selby Martin, Dr. Hendry, Mr. Young, Dr. Lang, Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Rolph, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Mr. Goulding, Captain Ridout, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Houston, Mr. Lane, Mr. Rousseau Kleiser, Mr. Harold Muntz, Mr. Gerald Muntz, Mr. Sweeny, Mr. Henderson, Dr. MacKenzie, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Jack MacDonell, Mr. Leigh Hammond, Mr. Marks, Commander Whish, Mr. Cameron, Dr. Burnham, Mr. Harry Grantham, Colonel Lessard, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Harold Brooke.

Among the festivities of the fast closing season is an evening reception next Thursday at nine o'clock, for which Lady Mulock has sent out cards, and to which guests are invited "to meet Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier," who, I presume, are coming to Toronto for the banquet to the former and for the wedding of the only son of the Postmaster-General.

The marriage of Mr. Ernest du Domaine of the Royal Canadian Regiment, Fredericton, and Miss Marguerite Winslow will take place in Christ Church, Fredericton, on February 27th at half-past one. Mr. du Domaine formerly resided in Toronto, where his beautiful violin playing is well remembered.

Colonel and Mrs. John I. Davidson gave an elaborate dinner of 22 covers on Monday evening, at which His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark were guests of honor. The table was charmingly pretty with violets, lily of the valley and jonquils, and the guests included Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Haydon Villa, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer.

Miss Mason of Harr Hall, gave a tealest last Friday for the Misses Whish, who are in town at the Arlington with Commander Whish for the winter.

The Strollers' club-room was well filled on Saturday and an orchestra played at the tea-hour. The presence of several visitors in town added to the brightness of the afternoon.

The death of Mr. Henry Totten, on February 8, has removed a well-known and much esteemed member of the official corps at the Parliament Buildings. Mr. Totten has been an acute sufferer from rheumatism for a long time, and left last fall for Clifton Springs, but returned to Toronto some time before his decease. To be well liked and sincerely mourned is his tribute from friends, who sympathize sincerely with his widow, who has been so devoted a nurse.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Elliott Brown will shortly take up their residence in a charming cottage now in course of completion for them within the General Hospital grounds.

Interesting accounts have reached us of a delightful Canadian dinner given at Portsmouth lately by Captain C. E. Kingsmill, on H. M. S. *Majestic*. Everyone at it was either a Canadian or had married a Canadian, and every part of the Dominion was represented from Halifax to Victoria. The beautiful band of the *Majestic* played throughout the dinner and promptly struck up *The Maple Leaf Forever*, when Captain Kingsmill gave the toast of Canada. Many nice things were said to the handsome host, whose hospitality on board the *Majestic* is well known in the Atlantic fleet, and who is ably seconded by his wife (nee Beardmore of Toronto). Amongst those present were Mrs. J. J. Kingsmill and the Misses Sydney and Phyllis Kingsmill, Captain Stokes and Mrs. Stokes (nee Simpson of Belleville), Captain and Mrs. Bridson (nee Kenny of Halifax), Commander Macdonald (Victoria, B.C.) and Mrs. Macdonald, Commander Slayter (Halifax), Lieutenant Webster and Mrs. Webster (nee Graham of Halifax), Mr. Gilman and Mrs. Gilman (nee Hooper of Montreal), Walter B. Beardmore (Toronto).

Mrs. W. H. Cawthra has gone to California with Mr. Cawthra.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are to spend some days in town next week, and will be the guests of Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones at Llawhaden.

What is left to say of the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, or their conductors, soloists or audiences? It has been told that there never were such choruses, orchestras, programmes, crowds and general delight. On Tuesday, Massey Hall simply stuffed itself with humanity. On Wednesday, with even a better programme, it was the same story. Ovarations for Papa Vogt and Emil Paur, who ought to have stiff necks from bowing. Wondrous audiences! One might for other grand concerts in bygone seasons, almost write up a list of the concertgoers without going oneself, but such is not possible now. There have been parties in the seats of the mighty this week, who paid their first visit to Massey Hall, from Buffalo, Detroit, and even farther off, delighted Deutschers from Berlin and Waterloo, keen critics most of them, steeped in the best music of the Vaterland since "Mutterchen" crooned their cradle songs. And they all swear by Vogt! Emil Paur looked positively radiant when he met the cheering crowd. 'Tis sweet to be appreciated to the outer edge! There have been Beauty parties in the boxes and earnest students in the top gallery and everyone has the same story to tell. Once a chorus singer let out a gentle squeak too soon—you'd think, to hear the consternation of the whole lot of them, that she had smashed the entire Decalogue, so ardent is the pride the singers feel in their matchless chorus. At the risk of a week in jail for *lese majeste* I say, Hoch Herr Paur! Hoch Herr Vogt! and Hoch the players and singers who have sent us musically *te te moutte* this week! What's life without occasional "Hochs," and what's a musical season without the Mendelssohn Chorus?

Mrs. Will Rose gave a card party and asked some friends in for tea afterwards on Thursday.

A Case of Enterprise.

A Booklet Issued by Miss Alice Roger, the
Clever Young Pianist.

Enterprise is a quality of mind which is always regarded, in America at least, as wholly admirable. For that reason alone, if for no other, the booklet just issued by Miss Alice Roger, concert pianist and teacher, of Peterboro', is worthy of high praise. It contains brief tributes to Miss Roger's ability from such authorities as Professor Martin Krause of Berlin, Mr. Harry M. Field, and the critics of the daily press, and typographically is most artistic. Miss Roger's talents, however, are known to the majority of music-lovers in Toronto, for she has played here in recital and moreover has a class here as well as in Peterboro'. She possesses brilliant powers as an executant and interprets with a keen sense of the poetic beauties of the music. More than that, she is beginning to attract the notice of prominent singers, both in Canada and the United States by her compositions. Her song, *Du Bist Wie Eine Blume*, has grace of melody and an admirably written accompaniment, and is now being sung quite extensively. There is real interest to the people of Toronto in knowing that this splendid young musician has vowed fealty to the Gurlay Piano as being to her mind an instrument of the very highest grade. Writing recently to the firm of Gurlay, Winter & Leeming, she said: "I am delighted to be able to tell you that the Gurlay, which I have in my studio, is giving perfect satisfaction, and that I am very pleased with it." The fact that, in the letter, Miss Roger underlined the word "very" is a proof that her compliment comes from conviction.



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Montreal, Feb. 16.

It is becoming more and more the thing for the rich Montrealer to hie himself to Europe during the month of February and remain abroad until well on in the spring. Among those who left this week might be mentioned Charles R. Hosmer and Hugh Graham, both of whom, with their families, sailed from New York. Mr. Hosmer has not been heard of much recently in the "Street." Indeed he rather prides himself on the fact that aside from C. P. R. he seldom takes a flyer now in Canadian stocks. The ins and outs of Mr. Hosmer's fortune-making; how he went broke and then became rich again; how he turned the trick in some of Canada's biggest deals, such for instance as the reorganization of the Ogilvie Milling Company; and how he and the late John W. Mackay stood shoulder to shoulder in Commercial Cable, would make a romantic story, and perhaps some day it may be told.

Sir William Van Horne arrived home from Cuba just in time to be interviewed and give Canadian Pacific the proper boost upon its new stock issue. The genial Chairman of the Board of Directors just remarked, "I told you so." Then he went on to say how he formerly predicted that C. P. R. was one of the greatest things on earth, only the people didn't know it, and wouldn't appreciate it at that time. "The C. P. R.," he now says, "is yet only an infant. It is only twenty-one years old as a trans-continental line. It must be given money to grow upon." The right to issue forty millions additional stock, it is hardly necessary to add, meets with his hearty approval. There is one thing to say for the C. P. R. management: Nothing ever leaks before the proper time. The members of the Board of Directors and Executive will talk themselves black in the face respecting prospects and Canadian prosperity and all such matters, but when it comes down to giving a quiet tip on new stock issues or increased dividends the Sphinx is a talkative old maid in comparison. "Speech was given to disguise men's thoughts," said Voltaire, and C. P. R. headquarters have learned the lesson well.

The bill now before the Quebec House whereby the Montreal Street Railway may increase its capital to \$18,000,000 and do other things, as mentioned in a previous communication, appears to be going ahead swimmingly. At Ottawa this self same bill under other guise, was blocked by J. P. Mullarky of the Montreal Terminal. There now appears to be no opposition other than a fruitless trifle by one of Montreal's city attorneys. The bill has already been passed by committee and is well on its way. When the outlined plan of extensions became known the stock walked up the list in a manner which surprised even the insiders themselves.

The decision against the Light, Heat and Power Company by the Privy Council, whereby they will have to pay the Robert interests the sum of \$200,000, with interest at five per cent. for five years and all the legal expenses, combining a matter of upward of \$300,000, was not altogether unlooked for, but at the same time it is a hard blow. The Power Company, however, are by the decision obliged to take over a water power and pay for it, and some day it may be worth a lot of money.

The Lake Superior Corporation is doing well, according to Thomas J. Drummond, its vice-president. Making rails at the rate of 15,000 tons per month, with lots of orders ahead. It is said that the stock of this corporation will soon be listed on the Montreal Exchange.

It would not be surprising if the dividend on Dominion Coal common was resumed within the year. The company, according to the management, is doing well, and the annual statement which will be issued in a few days will prove a prosperous looking document. The policy of the management has been to put their men in good humor and keep them there, which is half the battle in the coal mining business. In this they appear to have been eminently successful.

The United States Steel Company has walked off with a local enterprise in the form of the Dominion Wire Company. The strange part of the deal was that a majority interest was disposed of to the United States Steel Company without the knowledge or consent of the president and general manager of the local concern. The first intimation President McCormack had of the deal was when a newspaper man walked in and informed them that they had been sold out. The majority interest lay with two estates, and these were quietly disposed of. The United States Steel Company are looked upon as an acquisition in the field, and are expected to make the plant one of importance.

The sum of \$24,000 was bid recently for a seat on the Montreal Stock Exchange. This is an advance of \$1,500 over the price of the last seat sold. There was no taker at the figure, however, and the chances are that nothing very much short of \$25,000 will buy one. At the latter price the Exchange has a few seats to dispose of.

There is an important meeting of the C. P. R. executive early in March, after which Sir Thomas Shaughnessy will go to Europe for a few weeks' holidays. The Shaughnessy family leave for Europe the present week.

It develops that the story circulated in Montreal to the effect that the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, the Dominion Coal, the Nova Scotia Steel and the Consolidated Lake Superior Company would amalgamate with a capital of something like one hundred million dollars is

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an unadulterated "fake," put forth by Montreal brokers for the purpose of booming Dominion Steel. There is little question but that the whole story was made out of whole cloth, and that its foundation in fact never exceeded the limits of a clever stock broker's brain. As already mentioned in these columns the efforts to boom Dominion Steel by certain Montreal brokers has for months past been of the strenuous order, but the last shot was such that even the ordinarily glib public failed to bite. The announcement of the "great amalgamation" fell as flat as a flounder in Montreal. Such men as Thomas J. Drummond, vice-president of the Consolidated Lake Superior and William Macmaster of the Dominion Iron and Steel directorate, both come out pronouncedly against such "fakes," as it tends to injure the corporations alleged to be involved, in the eyes of the public, and further is an absolute hindrance to future development. The story, it appears, went begging around the city for some days and finally was landed upon one of the big dailies.

Toronto, Feb. 15.

Speculation in Canadian and American securities of late has moved in opposite directions. This is not surprising. In fact nothing of a speculative character should be surprising, especially in such a gambling mart as Wall Street. Speculative conditions in Canada at the present time, however, are more favorable than those across the border. Money here is easy, with the prospect of still easier rates, while in the United States the outlook seems to indicate dearer money. Then it must be remembered that there has been a long-prolonged advance in the prices of American securities, with the result that a large quantity of such securities have passed from strong into weak hands. The opposite condition prevails in Canada. There has been no boom for several years, and stocks are still in the hands of people who are able to carry them. The late advance has not induced holders to sell, and sentiment is, on the whole, bullish. It was said in these columns at the beginning of the month, that securities were a purchase, and since then prices have risen from 2 to 7 points. Toronto Railway is up 7, General Electric 5-1-2, Niagara Navigation 5-1-2, Richelieu 3-3-4, Dominion Steel 5, Dominion Coal 4, Canadian Pacific 2, Bank of Commerce 3-3-4, and so on.

The properties of the rehabilitated coal and steel companies are in better shape to-day than ever before, and these stocks have again become favorites. The buying of Dominion Coal and Dominion Steel has been of a character which indicates still higher prices. The former sold as high as 146-1-2 and the latter went to 77-3-4 in 1902. While both issues have risen considerably of late, they are at present much below the high record prices. There are \$15,000,000 of Coal common and \$20,000,000 of Steel common, but notwithstanding this large capitalization, there is relatively little stock coming to market, and the talk is that prices will go considerably higher before there is much of a reaction. The bonds of Dominion Steel are quite active, and as they bear 5 per cent. buyers seem to have a great deal of confidence in them. Few people are taking much stock in the stories in circulation concerning the amalgamation of all steel and coal companies, but there is no doubt that their financial position shows marked improvement within the past few years. The gossip on Steel common is that the issue will sell at 50 and Coal at 100.

Increased trading in Canadian Pacific shares has developed since the official announcement that the company would issue \$20,000,000 new stock in the proportion of one share of new stock to every five shares of the old. This will bring the capital up to \$150,000,000. With the stock selling around 174 and the new issue at par, the "rights" would be worth a little over \$12 a share. This declaration makes the third time that the Canadian Pacific Company have given their shareholders privileges within the past four years, the aggregate "rights" being worth over \$30 a share to those who have held Canadian Pacific consistently through that period, and have sold their "rights" in the market. The announcement of the intended new issue was made after we went to press last week, and the stock rallied later on. A year ago C. P. R. was selling at 135, and the stock is now tipped for 190. London is a buyer.

There has been an advance of 6 to 7 points in the price of Toronto Railway stock since the first of the present month, and an advance of 14 points this year. This movement began in Montreal, and was partly in sympathy with the big rise in Montreal Street. President MacKenzie's remark at the annual meeting last week that in future dividends would be increased the current quarter has also stimulated the buying of the stock. Although net earnings last year increased \$166,000, and an increase in dividend is assured, the public appear to be a little sceptical as to the value of the stock, and it has become dull again on this market. The street believes that the stock is being worked up to help the flotation of a new issue. Even at 110, new stock at par in the proportion of 1 to 7, is not such a very attractive proposition.

Canadian bonds and securities rank higher to-day than ever before. The country's development of late years has been phenomenal, and in consequence of increased wealth, this class of security is readily absorbed. The remarkable rise in the value of Canada North-West Land Company common stock is worthy of note. This is the old Duke of Manchester security, in which so many people dropped their money in the eighties. The preferred stock has been gradually cancelled by the sales of the lands of the company, and the balance, amounting to \$1,700,000, will be retired on the 1st of April. On that date the common stockholders will be in possession of the remaining assets of the company. It is figured out that at 7 per acre the lands remaining in the hands of the company, will be equivalent to \$500 for the stock. The stock sold this week at 420, while only five years ago it sold at 12. It is evident that few capitalists even at the beginning of this century had much confidence in our great North-West country.

The bond sales for January include \$20,000 5 per cent. Carleton County at \$142.75; \$25,000 5 per cent. Montreal at \$103.07; \$2,650 Portage La Prairie 5 per cent. at \$104.62; \$3,000 4-1-2 per cent. Whitby at \$101.16; \$50,000 4 per cent. Woodstock, and \$7,000 4-1-2 per cent. Woodstock.

The statements of the chartered banks of Canada reflect an enormous increase in the trade of the country during the past five years. On the 31st of December last the discounts of our banks aggregated \$48,237,000, and the loans on stocks and bonds were \$170,705,000, a grand total of \$509,942,000 in discounts and loans. The total shows the largest business on record in the history of Canadian banking. Five years ago the loans and discounts were only \$356,940,000, and the increase in that time is therefore \$243,000,000. To enable the banks to do such an increased business, their resources must have increased likewise. These resources are to be found in the huge pile of deposits and the increased capitalization. Total deposits on December 31st last amounted to \$556,200,000, as compared with \$318,357,000 on December 31st, 1900, an increase of \$237,843,000. Paid-up capital during the same period increased \$18,250,000. Thus it will be seen that our banks have been enabled to cope with the great increase in trade by the ever increasing wealth of the people.

SOME SMALL CHANGE.

Although Cleveland's population is only one-half of one per cent. of the population of the whole country, the metropolis of Ohio holds in savings \$185,000,000, or more than six per cent. of the country's total savings-bank deposits! Central America, South America, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain have all sent money to be kept in the savings banks of Cleveland, O. Why does Cleveland hold such a large percentage? Cleveland savings banks pay four per cent.; New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston, three per cent.

"I fear he yielded to the temptation to enrich himself at the expense of the policy-holders." That wasn't a temptation," replied the cold-blooded financier; "that was an opportunity."—Washington "Star."

The largest consignment of gold, amounting to £66,634, ever brought from the West Coast of Africa was landed at Plymouth yesterday from the steamship Mendi.—London "Daily Mail."

Fifty-six bales of cotton have arrived in this country from Rhodesia, the newest source of supply, and a still larger consignment is now in course of transit.—London "Daily Mail."

Some men are born infamous, some gradually lose their reputations, and some have their reputations taken away from them by committees of investigation.—Houston "Chronicle."

According to a compilation made by the "Mining World," eighty-nine mining and metallurgical companies in the United States paid out in dividends in the nine months ending September 30th the enormous sum of \$38,573,977. The total amount of profits declared by these corporations since they were organized is \$396,108,514, on a capitalization of \$680,555,600. The detailed figures for the different metals show that twenty-one copper companies, with a capital stock of \$329,218,250, have paid \$21,607,473 in dividends since January, 1905, and \$266,875,729 since organization; and sixty gold, silver and lead companies, capitalized at \$338,762,660, have paid \$15,828,062 since January and a total since organization of \$10,828,843. Zinc and quicksilver companies, while making a good showing, are relatively unimportant.—Leslie's Weekly.

WYOMING TABLE ETIQUETTE.

HERE are a great many people who behave well otherwise, but at table they do things that if not absolutely outré and ensemble, are at least pianissimo and sine die.

It is with a view to elevating the popular taste, and etherealizing, so to speak, the manners and customs of our readers, that we give below a few hints upon table etiquette.

If by writing an article of this kind we can induce one man who now wipes his hands on the table-cloth to come up and take higher ground, and wipe them on his coat we shall feel amply repaid.

If you cannot accept an invitation to dinner, do not write your regrets on the back of a pool check with a blue pencil. This is now regarded as a risqué. A sufficient note to your host informing him that your washer-woman refuses to relent is sufficient.

On seating yourself at the table, draw off your gloves, and put them in your lap under your napkin. Do not put them in the gravy, as it would ruin the gloves and cast a gloom over the gravy. If you have just cleaned your gloves with benzine, you might leave them out in the front yard.

If you happen to drop gravy on your knife-blade, back near the handle, do not run the blade down your throat to remove the gravy, as it might injure your epiglottis, and it is not considered embolism, anyway.

When you are at dinner do not take up a raw oyster on your fork and playfully ask your host if it is dead. Remarks about death at dinner are in very poor taste.

Pears should be held by the stems and peeled gently but firmly, not as though you were skinning a dead horse. It is not bon ton.

Oranges are held on a fork while being peeled, and the facetious style of squirting the juice into the eye of your hostess is now an avoird.

Set this in cherries or other fruit should not be placed upon the table-cloth, but slid quietly and unostentatiously into the pocket of your neighbor or noiselessly tossed under the table.

If you strike a worm in your fruit do not call attention to it by mashing it with the nut-cracker. This is not only uncouth, but it is regarded in the best society as blasé and exceedingly vice versa.

Macaroni should be cut into short pieces and eaten with an even, graceful motion, not absorbed by the yard.

In drinking wine, when you get to the bottom of the glass do not throw your head back and draw in your breath like the exhaust of a bath-tub in order to get the last drop, as it engenders a feeling of the most depressing melancholy among the guests.

After eating a considerable amount, do not rise and unbuckle your vest-strap in order to get more room, as it is exceedingly au fait and désabille.

If by mistake you drink out of your finger-bowl, laugh heartily and make some facetious remark, which will change the course of conversation, and renew the friendly feeling among the members of the party.

Ladies should take but one glass of wine at dinner. Otherwise there might be some difficulty in steering the male portion of the procession home.

Do not make remarks about the amount your companion has eaten. If the lady who is your company at table, whether she be your wife or the wife of someone else, should eat quite heartily, do not offer to pay your host for his loss, or say to her:

Dollar Making

The art of saving money is the art of making money. To start saving money requires a deposit of \$1.00 only in the

SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received.

Interest Paid 4 Times a Year.

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THE UNION LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the Union Life Assurance Company was held at the Company's offices Monday, Feb. 12, when the following statement was presented:

The Directors beg to submit the Fourth Annual Report of the operations of the Company, being for the year ending Dec. 31, 1905. The results of the past year have been most satisfactory in every respect. The Company continues to conduct only a non-participating business, being, it is believed, the only Canadian company transacting insurance exclusively on a pure stock premium basis. The policyholders are not charged for profits, and none are promised or expected to be paid. Eighty-eight per cent. of the insurance in force is on the Industrial Plan, and notwithstanding the outlay required to establish Industrial business, you will be gratified to learn that the business of your Company is being secured at a cost per thousand considerably lower than other industrial companies.

THE NEW INSURANCE ISSUED amounted to \$6,122,455 under 37,357 policies, the amount being over \$500,000 greater than the best previous year.

THE PREMIUM INCOME increased by 35 per cent. over 1904. THE ASSETS are greater than at the close of the preceding year by 42 per cent.

THE INSURANCE IN FORCE increased by 40 per cent., being \$1,000,000 greater than the gain in 1904.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. POLLMAN EVANS, President.

Toronto, Feb. 12, 1906.

GENERAL BUSINESS STATEMENT

Receipts.

Net Ledger Assets, Dec. 31, 1904 \$150,464 50
Premiums, Interest and other Receipts 314,696 95
\$465,161 45

Payments.

Claims and Expenses \$246,409 14
Balance Net Ledger Assets Dec. 31, 1905 218,752 20
\$465,161 45

Assets.

Municipal Securities \$ 54,575 68
Stocks, Bonds and Debentures 114,753 20
Real Estate 24,123 00
Other Ledger Assets 3,555 66
Cash on Deposit 21,742 75

Net Ledger Assets \$218,752 20
Furniture and Fixtures 9,067 54
Interest Accrued 1,102 86
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums 5,745 55
15,975 95

\$234,728 24

Liabilities.

Re-Insurance Reserve H.M., 3 per cent. \$108,907 00
Premiums Paid in Advance 1,739 52
Provisions for Contingent Liabilities 5,602 17
Claims Reported, Proofs Not Completed 1,520 00
All other Liabilities 4,918 45
Surplus to Policyholders 112,041 10
\$234,728 24

Auditor's Certificate.

I have duly audited the books of The Union Life Assurance Company, and have examined the vouchers for the various receipts and payments and found the same correct.

I have also examined the Statement of Liabilities and Assets, together with the Securities, and find them correct.

(Signed) George Clay, Chartered Accountant.

The following were elected Directors: Messrs. H. Pollman Evans, Toronto; George E. Millichamp, M.B., Toronto; Harry Symons, K.C., Toronto; F. G. Hughes, Galt; Charles J. Harvey, F.I.A., New York; G. E. Allen Jones, Quebec; W. H. Carrie, Toronto.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board the following officers were elected: President, H. Pollman Evans; Vice-President and Medical Director, George E. Millichamp, M.B.; Secretary, Harry Symons, K.C.; Cashier, W. H. Carrie; Consulting Actuary, Charles J. Harvey, F.I.A.

"Great Scott! I hope you will not kill yourself because you have the opportunity," but be polite and gentlemanly, even though the food supply be cut off for a week.

If one of the gentlemen should drop a raw oyster into his bosom, and he should have trouble in fishing it out, do not make facetious remarks about it, but assist him to find it, laughing heartily all the time.—Bill Nye's "Boomerang."

A Child's Advice.

One morning a Sunday school was about to be dismissed and the youngsters were already in anticipation of relaxing their cramped little limbs after the hours of confinement on straight-backed chairs and benches, when the superintendent arose and, instead of the usual dismissal, announced: "And now, children, let me introduce Mr. Smith, who will give us a short talk."

Mr. Smith smilingly arose, and after gazing impressively around the class-room, began with: "I hardly know what to say," when the whole school was convulsed to hear a small, thin voice back in the rear lip: "Thay amen and thit down!"—Savannah News.

An Edible Note.

A gambler borrowed a sum of money from a money-lender, and, the note falling due, he called upon the broker and told him he could not pay at that time. The money-lender became greatly excited. "I want the money. It is due. You must pay it." The gambler pulled his pistol out, pointed it at the head of the money-lender, and said: "Eat that note or I will blow the top of your head off." The money-lender looked at the pistol, then at the note, and decided that it would be wise to eat the note, which he did. A few days after the gambler called and paid the value of the note, much to the delight of the money-lender,

who said: "My friend, you are a good man, and when you need any more money, come in and I will let you have it." Some time later the gambler applied for another loan, which the money-lender was very willing to advance. The gambler sat down to write out a note, when the money-lender called out: "Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing out that note on a soda cracker?"

Why he was Summoned.

One day a village parson was summoned in haste by Mrs. Johnson, who had been seriously ill. He went in some wonder because she was not of his parish and was known to be devoted to her own minister, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins. While he was waiting in the parlor before seeing the sick woman he passed the time by talking with her daughter. "I am very pleased your mother thought of me in her illness," he said. "Is Mr. Hopkins away?" The lady looked very shocked. "Oh, dear no!" she replied, "but we are afraid mother has something contagious and we don't like to let dear Mr. Hopkins run any risks."

A Punch Joke.

The announcement that huge bones have been discovered in Dead Lodge Canyon, Canada, is, we hear, causing an immense influx of dogs into that part.—"Punch."

Slaves to Rheumatism

Freely by
"Fruit-a-tives"

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Rheumatism and Rheumatic pains by removing the poisons which cause the disease. Rheumatism means poisoned blood. Too much urea or tissue waste is retained in the blood, owing to defective action of the bowels, kidneys or skin. The retained urea becomes uric acid, which inflames nerves and joints and thus rheumatism is produced.

Mrs. R. H. DENNIS, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., writes as follows: "I think 'Fruit-a-tives' are fine. I am using them for rheumatism, and have not felt it since I started to take them."

Fruit-a-tives

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Rheumatism by greatly stimulating the action of the liver, kidneys and skin. "Fruit-a-tives" make each of these vital organs do its share of nature's work properly. "Fruit-a-tives" rid the system of excessive urea and uric acid—and so purify and enrich the blood and build up the general health, that there can be no rheumatism. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices, concentrated and combined by our discovered process, which makes them much more powerful medicinally. Then tonics and internal antiseptics are added and the whole compressed into tablets.

If your druggist does not have them, don't take substitutes. Sent prepaid on receipt of price—50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.



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THE BEST.
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of Excellence
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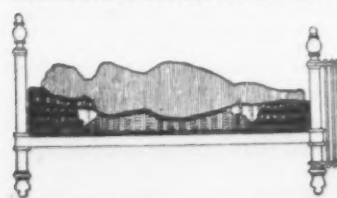
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for table use that can
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It is absolutely pure—
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always the same.



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Conforms to the body and rests you
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A Tribute to Toronto.

It has been the subject of remark lately that Toronto men are slow to recognize the presence of standing women in the street cars and are decidedly reluctant to give up a seat. It has been said that women have no right to be on the cars at six o'clock unless they are in business life. If they are employed in down-town offices, then they are doing the work of men and should expect no privileges. So say the ungallant. It has even been hinted that woman seldom says "Thank you" when a man does rise to the occasion, but takes the courtesy with a matter-of-course air, irritating to the unselfish man.

However, Toronto men, as a rule, are not oblivious of the amenities of life, even in a city street car, which is truly the severest testing-ground for his civility. A man who can take the Bloor and McCaul car daily and remain a gentleman has Chesterfield easily beaten, and has conclusively proved that the age of chivalry is not of the past.

Those who consider that rudeness or, rather, lack of courtesy, is on the increase in Toronto, should have heard an energetic citation recently delivered by a Toronto woman who was married five years ago and has lived in Cleveland ever since: "Do you know what I noticed first of all," she said, "when I came back to Toronto? It was the good manners of the men; I mean just the ordinary citizens who pass you on the streets and sit opposite you in the street cars. I am so tired of reading about the gallantry of the American man, about his consideration for woman, his treating her as a queen and all that sort of rubbish. I have seen more rudeness, more lack of consideration for woman's comfort in one month in Cleveland than you would see in Toronto in a year. Take the street cars, for instance. In the best quarters of the city I have seen prominent citizens who probably call themselves 'cultured' calmly unfold newspapers and read them while tired women are standing near."

"Perhaps it was at the crowded hours," I suggested. "At any hour you may see such a state of affairs. In Toronto, it is the exception that a man keeps his seat when women are standing. In Cleveland, I experience a shock when a man is courteous enough to observe what men at home regard as a matter of course. Sometimes an Italian workman will shame a fat and prosperous Yankee by offering his seat to a weary woman. At three o'clock in the afternoon I have seen a poor woman with a child in her arms standing in front of lazy-looking men who never think of rising. Several times, when I have been lucky enough to have secured a seat, I have given it up to such a tired mother. But a Cleveland man would never think of sacrificing his comfort to that small extent. I'm so glad that my husband is a Toronto man," she concluded with a thankful sigh.

"Then you notice a difference in Toronto?" I asked. "It's another country, and I love it all, from the place where the Yonge street bridge ought to be, clear out to Eglinton. The idea of anyone calling Toronto Hogtown! I wish such slanderers would go and live in Chicago or Cleveland. They would look back on our dear old town as a place flowing with the milk of human kindness."

"You're mixing Shakespeare and the Bible," commented another. "Well, it's true. I have been frozen and jostled and trampled on for five long years in a city where it's nothing but money, money, money. It may be bad enough here, but it really does me good to get on a car and have a nice, fresh-faced Toronto boy say 'Take my seat.'"

"Or, 'May I offer you one side of the strap?'" I suggested. "But the returned exile was in earnest and went back to her discourse. "It's the greatest mistake to suppose that the American is devoted to the women of the household. He's a neglectful husband, except in money matters, and he spends all his best energy in business. He never dreams of taking an interest in the garden, after the fashion of an Englishman. A man's courtesy is not tested by his attitude towards 'the' woman, but by his treatment of the poorest and most insignificant. There is no chivalry in the youth of the United States."

"Then it must be the fault of the mothers," chimed in a man who up to this time had been silent, but who had smiled at the vehement little lady's championship of her native city. "I don't know whose fault it is," she rejoined; "but when I see a Cleveland man who is polite, whether it is going to 'pay' or not, I come to the conclusion that he was born in Canada, England or the Southern States." The chances are all against his being a Yankee."

With memories of the gentle ways of Dixieland, I warmly exclaimed, "Yes, the Southerner is unmistakable. Even a Cleveland street car could not spoil him."

"I am not going back for a month," said the Toronto-lover, "and I can assure you that it's worth while being away to find out just what a home feeling Toronto has yet. The Street Railway Company may be all wrong, but Toronto men are all right."

J. G.

They Enjoy It.

In the early days of Kansas, Judge Strang was district judge on the bench in Dodge City. Every time he was absent the lawyers of Dodge City would elect an old ex-Confederate colonel, practicing law there, as judge pro tem. A stranger drifted into Dodge City and soon noticed that the old "rebel" was always chosen judge pro tem. He couldn't understand it. He asked an attorney how it came about. "Oh, we do it because we like to see the old sardine take the oath of allegiance to the United States," said the attorney. "Argonaut."



Were you ever there? You need never want to be. Ugh! It makes me squishy to think of it.

How I got there was through a maid—a wee, fat thing, as broad as she was long, who was in love with a red-faced, perspiring, knock-kneed young man, addicted to late hours and deafness.

Their cooing resort was at the foot of the back-stairs, where he whispered sweet nothings and she bawled back love to him.

Well, late one night, didn't she come home from the Exhibition on the arm of this spindle-legged specimen and introduced him to me as her husband! With the other arm he was carrying a huge paper valise, the seventy-five-cent kind, you know, and he stood there looking foolish, until at last he blurted out that he wanted the three days' wages owing his wife, as he was taking her right away.

Imagine my feeling as I thought of the late hours and the gas they had used, and the left-over pies and cakes this creature had consumed. My gorge rose, and I replied, "She is leaving me without notice, and I owe her nothing!"

"I'll have the law on yer. I'll take yer to the police court," he stormed, as he strode out of the house. And sure enough, on the following day, didn't I receive a blue missive to see the police clerk! I laughed and tossed my head in scorn. I scared of police clerks, colonels or morality departments! Hadn't our whole family been made of lawyers, magistrates, crown attorneys and other terrifying persons.

"Why should I be scared?" I thought, swelling with pride, but "the worst half of me" judged differently. He thought I had better pay. "See here," I said, "this is in my department, isn't it? Just let me run this thing," adding, "if you please," very decidedly.

So he said "All right," giving at the same time a mauling grin, for which I could have pounded him!

What I was after was to establish a precedent. In this city were a large number of black-mailed, down-trodden mistresses, who had been used as I had, but who feared the Police Court, and I would champion their cause. So, disdaining the offer of worst half's company, even as a bottle-holder, in company with a female relative, I started for the "court." Once inside the clerk's office, in the presence of a dozen other criminals, the odor, which was not that of violets, proved at once depressing. Just then, too, the Colonel himself passed through the room, and, having a bowing acquaintance with him, I tendered him a bow and a smile (hoping the clerk would see how intimate I was), but the Colonel ignored the salute, only giving me a sort of thirty days' look. Evidently he did not recognize criminals, and the "cut direct" nearly froze my blood.

But screwing up my courage I approached the desk and, what makes me mad when I think of it, is that the man behind it was once a neighbor and knew me. But now in his high mightiness as a minion of the law, he said: "Madam, (yes, he said that) you dismissed this girl without notice." You would have thought he had been on the spot and knew it all. His unfairness made me feel like a pariah. I began, I suppose, to have a surge of respect for the law. At all events a sort of wobbly-wobbly feeling seized me in the limbs. But, having quietly told him the facts, he eyed me dubiously.

"Did you consult your husband?" he enquired with a sardonic grin. "He's a sensible man." And that grin only deepened when he learned that I wished to establish a precedent, and that the man whom he spoke of as "sensible" had left it to my own good judgment to act as I pleased.

"Well," he remarked, still sardonically, "perhaps you can stand a trial in the Police Court!" And, having assured him I could, with my companion I walked out of the office with an all-is-lost-except-honor feeling, which was further depressed by a passing glance at the Police Court itself, where two hundred men were roasting at the antics of a "lady" brandishing an umbrella at the Colonel on the bench.

The memory came to me of once, when a youngster, having swallowed a dose of asafoetida, and that scene gave me the same feeling, making my stomach sag and my lower limbs shake as with palsy.

My friend grabbed me by the arm, and in a sobbing, sniffly voice said: "Can you stand bringing our family to that?" I felt our escutcheon could not be so mis-escutched, and, flying to a lawyer's office, I told him the story begging him, if not too late, to avert the catastrophe, and telling him I no longer wanted to establish a precedent, that for all I cared the whole race of servant kind could blackmail and blackmail and commit suicide or murder or bigamy, to the world's end and amen—I was through.

Well, he was lovely, and as we put the money in an envelope, with a red-hot letter to intimate that our family always paid its maids' wages, so blissful a joy had I that I felt as if I had just left a dentist's chair, or exorcised a blackmailer, or something, and when, having reached home, though I did have a sneaky sort of feeling, yet I remarked nonchalantly to the other half, looking all the time for signs of I-told-you-so. "Well, I thought better of it and paid that girl," all he said was, "Y-e-s," ducking his head behind a newspaper and knowing better than to say a word. But, so help me, no more Police Court for

GEORGINA SEEDING.
Toronto, February 7th.

MENTAL INDIGESTION AND HOW IT MAY BE CURED.

MENTAL indigestion caused by too much reading is one of the commonest ills that attack the bookishly inclined, says the San Francisco "Bulletin." The mind continues to feed itself, but derives no nourishment, cannot assimilate the food placed at its disposal. When the complaint is in its first stages, change of diet will work a cure. If the trouble comes from an over-indulgence in novels, a change to serious essays or to poetry is helpful; if it comes from too much history and biography, the tone of the intellectual system may be restored by a refined spree with the humorous writers. But when the malady reaches its acute form it will not respond to dieting, and heroic treatment is necessary.

The best way to cure the disease then is to turn the sufferer loose in a library. He will gorge himself at first, and his condition will seem worse than ever, then satiety will come, and with it disgust, and complete cure will follow quickly. This treatment of the disease, which the best physicians should lose no time in adopting, is based on the analogous complaint called "sweet-tooth." Sufferers from sweet-tooth consume enormous amounts of candy and cream soda; they are addicted to sundaes and other mixtures of a saccharine kind. If a girl with this affliction is given a position in a candy store she becomes convalescent almost immediately, and her complete cure follows as a matter of course.

So with the mental dyspeptic who is allowed to browse in a library. The riches, well nigh inexhaustible, of the library make him giddy, and he is at a loss where to begin. He dips feverishly into a hundred different volumes in succession. He will not stop to plod through pages more or less interesting; he must have the best immediately. By the time he has fingered a hundred books his appetite is so capricious that hardly anything can satisfy it. The reaction follows quickly after that, and he is apt to retire to a corner with some dull but substantial author whose slow and measured style acts as a sedative on his overworked nerves. He is now on the high road to recovery. When he is able to contemplate the rows on rows of books with absolute calmness and no desire to disturb them, he may be pronounced well. His mind has recovered its proper tone, reading appears to him a dull and endless strife, and he cares not a fig for the greatest classic of them all.

The luxury of this state of mind is inexpressible. It is freedom for the galley slave after prolonged pulling at the oar; escape into the sunshine after years in the half-light of prison; it is mental emancipation. Only the tired reader who has allowed himself to become obsessed by books, books, books, can understand the ecstatic pleasure there is in snubbing the great guns of literature. The joy that lies in insulting an abstract idea is nothing to it.

Realistic.

The youngsters had been consigned to the nursery, and strict injunctions had been laid upon them to "play a nice quiet game." In a few moments, however, sounds as of a thunder-storm, with a dash of boiler factory, issued from the room, and mother rushed up.

"Mercy on us, children!" she exclaimed. "Whatever are you doing? You must not make such a terrible noise."

"But, mamma," explained one of the darlings, "we are only playing theater."

"Yes, this scene is the storm at sea, and all of us except Tommy are shipwrecked people calling for help."

Mamma's attention was thus directed to Tommy, who crouched in a corner, emitted doleful howls.

"And what is Tommy doing?" she asked.

"Tommy is the scenery."

"The scenery?"

"Yes; he is the ocean, shrieking in the teeth of the storm."—"Answers."

BUTTERMILK

A Surer Way Out.

The "buttermilk fad," which its followers insisted was the cure for all the ills that human flesh is heir to, has pretty well had its day.

Buttermilk is a pleasant and healthy drink, but there are a whole lot of desirable things that it cannot do. A Nebraska woman found something much more worth while. She says:

"Three years ago my stomach was in such a frightful condition that I could scarcely bear to take any food at all. Indeed there was once that I went for 14 days without a morsel of nourishment, preferring starvation to the acute agony that I suffered when I ate anything. And all this came upon me almost constant headaches and nervousness. My condition was truly pitiable."

"The doctor warned me that the coffee I drank was chiefly responsible for this condition, and ordered me to drink buttermilk instead. But I despised buttermilk and could not bring myself to use it."

"Then I was advised to try Postum Food Coffee. It has completely renovated and made over my whole system. The salutary effect on my poor stomach was simply marvelous, and that straightened out the headaches, nervousness and other troubles soon vanished. For more than a year I have not felt any distress or pain, such as I once thought would kill me."

"I can truthfully say that Postum has brought me the blessing of the perfect health I enjoy, for I gave up medicines when I began its use." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

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THE BEST

Natural Laxative Water. A Sure Cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver and all Stomach Troubles. Nature's own inimitable remedy. Brings relief in the easy, natural way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a small bottle.

The Wolsey

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Non irritating, strong and durable. Cannot thicken or harden; soft and elastic. Secures comfort during changeable winter weather. Leading stores and Men's Outfitters sell Wolsey Underwear.

The Cheapest Because it is the BEST.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."

BEETHAM'S

Regd. Lanola

SOOTHING and REFRESHING

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England.)

SOLE MAKERS: M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.

It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.

Tunnel Project Reviewed.

One outcome of the entente cordiale established between France and England is a revival of the project to construct a tunnel under the British Channel, says "Harper's Weekly." The project was started nearly a generation ago, and long since would have been carried out had not the fear of an invasion produced so much excitement in England that the government ordered work on the English end to be stopped. The southern terminus of the tunnel was to be near the village of Sangatte, which is about six miles from Calais, and the northern at the South Foreland, close to Dover. The shortest distance under the strait is about twenty miles, but, including the approaches at each extremity, the tunnel would have been about twenty-three and a half miles, or about twice as long as the Simplon Tunnel. When the work was stopped in 1881, a length of about one and one-eighth miles had already been pierced at each end. The work of cutting under the sea was proceeding at the rate of eighty-two feet a day. The greatest depth of the British Channel between Dover and Calais at low water is about one hundred and eighty feet. It is computed that the Channel tunnel might be constructed in two years, provided no large fissures are found in the chalk which forms the bed of the Channel, and which is considered the best material through which a tunnel can be driven. There is good reason to expect continuity and compactness in the chalk. When the tunnel is in operation, it will be possible to travel entirely by rail from London to Vladivostok. Lord Lansdowne, who was a member of the joint committee of the two Houses of Parliament which examined the project in 1883, signed a minority report in favor of it. The success of the opposition was attributed mainly to General Lord Wolseyley, who at the time was chief military adviser to the crown. There seems to be now scarcely any military opposition to the tunnel, and there is no doubt that the company which desires to prosecute the work has sufficient capital to overcome the engineering difficulties, which, as we have intimated, are expected to prove materially less than those of the Simplon Tunnel.

On the Safe Side.

On the stroke of eight a man entered an English post-office one day soon after the general election, evidently nervous and agitated. "I want to take all I can cash out of the bank!" he announced to the girl in charge. "They tell me," he went on, as she reached for the necessary form, "as there's goin' ter be a change of Government, an' I'm a-goin' to be on th' safe side."

"But the change of Government won't affect your money in any way! How could it?"

"It don't matter! I want ter 'ave 'em out!"

"The bank and post-office won't be affected one bit, I tell you!" she protested.

"I'm not sech a fule as a' that! 'Ow do you know what'll 'appen when you've got a new gov'nor? Why, you might get the sack yerself!"

The Quip Courteous.

A lady asked a silly Scots nobleman how it happened that the Scots who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home. "Oh, madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass that for the honor of the country no one is permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "Then," said she, "I suppose that your lordship was smuggled."

Clark's Delicious PORK and BEANS

To build up man or boy there is no better food than Clark's PORK and BEANS

Sold plain, or with Chili or Tomato Sauce.

W. CLARK, MANUFACTURER 73 MONTREAL

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

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The Robert Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

A
British
Election
Story**"With One Dissentient"**By
Kebble
Howard

"My dear boy," said Dulcie, employing that tone of exquisite finality which every young woman with pretty hair and a good figure reserves for the stripling who is imaginative enough to fall in love with her, "you really must get out of the way of regarding women as rather useful, rather ornamental domestic animals."

"That's rubbish," retorted Peter. "I'm not exactly a fool, you know." Miss Barrow, who was standing with her back to the billiard-room fire looked down at him through the smoke of a cigarette. He was not exactly a handsome boy, but that didn't matter: handsome boys were out of fashion. He was nice-looking, and, better still, he was clever-looking. For the rest, he was well-made, knew where to get his clothes, had taken a decent degree at Oxford, and was expected to do very well at the Bar. On the whole, therefore, Dulcie felt that she had every reason to congratulate herself on the little diamond ring that, for the moment, decorated the third finger of her left hand.

At the same time, boys must be made to remember that they were boys. Therefore she replied, in an aggravatingly cool voice: "Not exactly."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Peter, glaring up at her. An older man would have known better than to conduct a conversation of this sort from the depths of a saddle-bag chair.

"I mean, my dear boy, that a second in History is not in itself a guarantee of universal wisdom."

"I never said it was. Besides," he added weakly, "it was a good second."

Dulcie laughed. "I'm sure it was a good second," she admitted, "if you took it."

Peter lit his third cigarette since luncheon. To his dismay, he realized that he was beginning to lose his temper. "Perhaps you don't understand," he explained, without looking at her, "that a good second is almost the same as a first."

"Almost," Dulcie agreed.

And then Peter did lose his temper. "If you were so anxious to sneer and make yourself disagreeable," he growled, "you might have stayed in the drawing-room."

"With the cats and the other domestic animals, you mean?"

"If you like."

"Thank you."

"Not at all."

Miss Barrow hesitated. The conversation had taken a downward vulgar direction. Peter was cross, and not without reason. Would it be better to leave him to get over it, or coax him round? She decided, clumsily, on the latter course. "If I were as clever as Mrs. Trunk—" she began.

But Peter, with a sound that might be described as a testy snort, interrupted her. "Mrs. Trunk! Mrs. Trunk!" he exclaimed. "For the last week we've heard of nothing but this wonderful Mrs. Trunk. Why doesn't she stay at home and look after her husband, instead of running all over the country talking about 'Women's Rights'? I'm sick of Mrs. Trunk."

"Her husband's dead," said Dulcie, soothingly.

"Well, her children then."

"She's only got one daughter, and she's married."

"Pity her husband if the daughter's anything like the mother."

"But you haven't seen the mother yet."

"I've seen her beastly portrait: that's quite enough."

"It isn't fair to judge from a portrait. She'll be here in the flesh in an hour's time, and then, very likely, you'll fall in love with her."

"I'd rather do that than hear her speak."

"What do you mean? Aren't you going to the meeting to-night?"

"No fear."

"Won't that seem rather rude?"

"Why should it? She's simply coming here in the ordinary course of her business."

"Yes, but she's your mother's guest, and your father's taking the chair. Really, Peter, I think you ought to go."

"I don't intend to waste an evening listening to a lot of stupid twaddle about 'Women's Rights.' Rights, indeed! They seem to forget that their chief function—"

"There's no necessity to be coarse," observed Dulcie hastily.

"That's just it. Whenever a man talks to them like this they call it being coarse. Silly rotters!"

"Is that meant to include me, may I ask?"

No answer.

"Kindly answer my question. Was that meant to include me?"

Dulcie's eye was flashing, and Dulcie's muscles were very stiff.

"Oh, I'll leave it to you!" said Peter, taking up a paper.

"You're a rude, horrid, ill-mannered boy!"

She snatched the diamond ring from her finger and threw it down on the carpet. Then, feeling that it was all fearfully and delightfully tragic, she rushed from the room.

An hour later, when Miss Dulcie came stealing back to the billiard-room to luxuriate in a scene of reconciliation, she found that Peter had departed. And, to make matters worse, the little ring was still on the carpet.

II.

"Don't cry any more," implored Ruth. "You'll make your eyes so dreadfully red, dear, and you know they say that Mrs. Trunk despises women who give way to tears."

Ruth Timberlake was Peter's sister and Miss Barrow's greatest chum. Ruth, moreover, was the only person to whom the young couple had confided the secret of their engagement. For the little ring, you see, was never worn when any of the

elder folk were about. There was no particular reason, by the way, for all this mystery, except that Ruth and Dulcie liked the romance of secrecy, and Peter was quite willing, for the present, to escape the fuss of a formal engagement.

"I don't care," sobbed Dulcie. "I don't suppose Mrs. Trunk ever had a real trouble in her life. Besides, I can bathe them with lavender water."

"You've only got twenty minutes to dress in," said Ruth.

"Good gracious!" Dulcie sat up promptly and dried her eyes. "You might have told me how late it was getting."

"I thought," murmured Ruth apologetically, "you were too miserable to care."

"So I am, only, of course, I don't want to miss the meeting. Shall I wear my white or my pink?"

"Oh, your white, I should say, and then Peter will see what a beast he's been."

"But wouldn't my pink look more defiant, sort of?"

"Perhaps Mrs. Trunk would think it too frivolous."

"I never thought of that. I'll wear the white, then."

And that was how she eventually came to decide upon the pink.

The girls were a little late for dinner. They found Sir Charles and Mrs. Trunk engaged in a vivid conversation about the price of beef.

The lady-lecturer was a florid, buxom, alert, pleasant-featured woman of the world, whose present profession was rather the outcome of a fluent tongue than any very definite belief in the feminine faculty for politics.

Peter sat through the meal in silence, despite all Mrs. Trunk's efforts to draw him out. This was the more tantalizing to the lecturer since experience told her that the young man was hostile.

At last she observed, addressing Sir Charles: "Do you think we are likely to have a discussion to-night?"

"Not unless you wish it," replied the chairman, his head inclined deferentially to one side.

"Oh, but I do wish it. I think meetings of this sort are so dull unless some one makes a discussion. Couldn't you arrange with somebody to speak after me?"

"Somebody favorable to 'Women's Suffrage' or otherwise?"

"I don't mind very much which, but I rather like to be opposed, you know. It gives me the opportunity of replying."

"I see. Now, whom can I ask? Perhaps the Vicar will say a few words."

"I sincerely hope not," said Lady Timberlake, hastily composing her features after a brief conversation with one of the maids. "It's quite bad enough to be compelled to hear him once a week in church. Why don't you speak, Peter? Your high, clear voice used to sound so well in the Union."

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HIS ANSWER.

Fair Worshipper—Are you married, Mr. Greenroom? Fascinating Member of "The Profession"—Oh dear no, but my wife is.

distinctly happy. He said that the man who understood woman had never been born, and that the man, therefore, who said that women did not understand politics was, if the meeting would pardon the expression, a fool. (Loud laughter, in which the chairman joined.) He would say no more (cries of "Go on!"), but would merely introduce to them the celebrated lecturer on Women's Rights, who had come down from London on purpose to speak to them that evening.

Mrs. Trunk rose amid a deathly silence. At that moment the door at the farther end of the room opened with a jerk, and Peter entered. The lecturer welcomed him beamingly; and Dulcie, catching his eye a moment later, turned away hastily, and fixed her attention on a brilliantly-colored educational illustration of an alligator. Sir Charles, idly following the direction of the girl's gaze to see why she was blushing, shuddered.

Mrs. Trunk, whose style was, by turns, amiably conversational and piously pathetic, talked for a space of an hour. At the end of that time there were few people in the room who had not been persuaded that men were clumsy, fairly well-meaning brutes, that women were long-suffering, absurdly-indulgent angels, and that the political, physical, and moral future of the race depended on the full support of the meeting being given to the resolution that would be proposed by Sir Charles Timberlake at the conclusion of the proceedings.

The lecturer sat down to the music of enthusiastic applause, several of the more bibulous women being heard to wish feverishly that their husbands could be persuaded to lead different lives.

Mrs. Trunk, indeed, indeed, bared her arm in order to display to those in the immediate neighborhood a black mark just above the elbow—the result of hitting to her old man, as gently as possible, that he was a good-for-nothing pig.

Then the chairman invited discussion, and Mrs. Trunk intimated that she would be delighted to answer any questions.

During which the young women from the grocery and drapery establishments hissed mirth-provoking whispers into each other's hairnets.

The Timberlake party, in the meantime, were craning their trembling necks to see what had become of Peter. Lady Timberlake was dying to hear her boy's high, clear voice.

Ruth was rather hoping that Peter would think better of it, and Dulcie was so agitated that she could only clasp her hands and look wildly from the alligator to Mrs. Trunk and back again to the alligator.

At last Sir Charles, prompted by the lecturer, called upon "Mr. Peter." The youth, who was still at the back of the room, rose to his feet, and everybody turned in their seats to stare at him.

Mrs. Trunk's smile broadened to a militant grin.

To his mother's dismay, Peter's voice was neither high nor clear. On the contrary, it was low and husky, for he was very nervous. He began by asking the audience to understand.

A BOY'S BREAKFAST

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There's a boy up in Hoosick Falls, N.Y., who is growing into sturdy manhood on Grape-Nuts breakfasts. It might have been different with him, as his mother explains:

"My 12-year-old boy is large, well-developed and active, and has been made so by his fondness for Grape-Nuts food. At five years he was a very nervous child and was subject to frequent attacks of indigestion, which used to rob him of his strength and were very troublesome to deal with. He never seemed to care for anything for his breakfast until I tried Grape-Nuts, and I have never had to change from that. He makes his entire breakfast of Grape-Nuts food. It is always relished by him and he says that it satisfies him better than the ordinary kind of a meal."

"Better than all, he is no longer troubled with indigestion or nervousness, and has got to be a splendidly developed fellow since he began to use Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Mrs. Trunk smiled ingratiatingly at the audience as she settled herself on the right of the chairman. She had no notes, for a little meeting of this sort meant no more to her than it means to an experienced general practitioner to vaccinate a baby.

If the baby kicks a little, the general practitioner is only too grateful for the break in the monotony.

Sir Charles's opening speech was

stand that, in political matters, a lady must be treated exactly as though she were a man. ("Hear, hear!" from Mrs. Trunk, and much laughter.) He did not mean to imply that she was altogether fitted to fight a man on his own ground, but that, having entered the lists, she must not look for gentle treatment. (A voice: "Brute!" and applause.)

Having said so much, it was his duty to protest against the religious tone of Mrs. Trunk's address. Religion had nothing to do with the subject under discussion. If it had, he could have come to the meeting primed with quotations from a certain Epistle which distinctly stated that women should not raise their voices in public places.

At this juncture, Lady Timberlake, who had been growing redder and redder, leaned forward and urged her husband to put a stop to the speech. Mrs. Trunk, however, smiled, and shook her head with great emphasis.

"I am pained," Peter went on, warming to his work, "to find the chair occupied this evening by one whose political conduct has hitherto been blameless."

("The boy's mad," gasped Lady Timberlake.) But I must ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to treat our chairman with leniency. I know that he is entirely opposed to Woman's Suffrage, and I am sure you will understand that his gallantry has for once got the better of his principles."

Lady Timberlake, desperate to distraction, actually signalled to the speaker to sit down. Mrs. Trunk made a rapid note. Sir Charles, who was not listening, looked at his watch. As for Dulcie, she was picturing herself as the wife of the Leader of the House of Commons.

"As to that," Peter continued, "I am not at all sure that the distinguished lecturer herself would care to see the franchise extended to women." (Mrs. Trunk: "Wouldn't she, though?" and laughter.) "You must remember that she is sent down here by a Society, and that it is her duty to get you to—"

This was too much, even for Mrs. Trunk. She leaped to her feet, and, in a voice vibrant with suppressed tears, implored the meeting to reject so cruel a slander. "It is manly," she cried, "to suggest that I am paid!"

"Hear, hear!" sobbed Lady Timberlake.

"Shame!" cried the meeting. "Sit down! Put the motion! Order! Shame! Go on with yer!"

Sir Charles, realizing that something had happened to disturb the redoubt of the evening, cleared his throat, and read the resolution. It was to the effect that that meeting believed that the extension of the franchise to women would be of the utmost benefit, etc.

"And I think we may say," he added, nodding to the local reporter, "that it is carried unanimously."

"As was certainly," said the exultant Mrs. Trunk.

The hands were shown—a sea of them, beginning clean, and getting more and more grubby as the eye travelled down the room.

"Now against," said Sir Charles. "None. Carried unanimously."

The reporter looked round. "I think there is one against, sir," he said timidly.

"I don't see it. Where? Where?"

"The young lady in the front row, sir."

Everybody craned forward. Yes, there was a slim, girlish hand, bravely displayed. And, on the third finger, glistened and sparkled a little diamond ring.

"Carried—with one dissentient," scribbled the reporter.

"It was certainly," observed Mrs. Trunk, as the lovers slipped into the hall to say good-night, "an original way of announcing an engagement."

"Most original," agreed Lady Timberlake, still bewildered.

"Originality in women," growled Sir Charles, very nearly choking himself in the endeavor to swallow a yawn. "It is to be deplored."

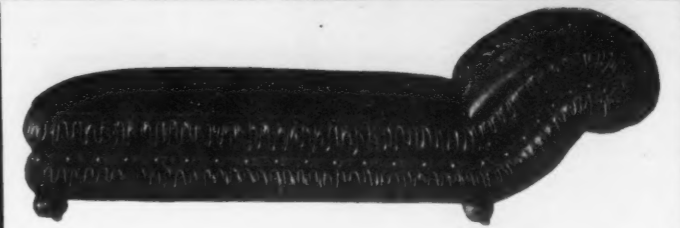
And Ruth, who happened to possess a sense of humor, bent lower over her anchovy sandwich.

An odd advertisement appears in a German newspaper, in which a tempting offer is made in these words: "Anybody who can prove that my tapioca is damaging to health will at once receive three packets gratis."—New York "Tribune."

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Points About People.

DURING the stormy session of 1903, the Ontario Legislature was in committee and the members were engaged in amiably discussing the speed which should be allowed to automobiles. Dr. Willoughby, then the Conservative whip, humorously suggested eight miles an hour, when a youthful Reformer laughingly retorted: "That's very good, but we're not all so used to following funerals."

Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C., was once a judge, as everybody knows, and it is said that he displayed remarkable patience at times—that is, considering the fact that he was a judge. Once he listened with wonderful patience to the long-drawn out agony of the argument of a learned K.C.—it was Q.C. then—who was particularly noted for his dexterity in talking and saying nothing. This lawyer had an unfortunate idea that a copious flow of words was the main thing. The extraordinary long-suffering of the judge at last reached the straining point. He resolved to waste no more time in listening to purposeless argument. He interrupted the lawyer, and calmly, slowly remarked, "Mr. Blake, you've talked now for three solid hours, and you haven't made a single point yet." The lawyer did better thereafter.

Speaking of Dr. Seath's grammar, now in use in High schools, recalls an incident of which the scene was laid in the Windsor Collegiate Institute when Mr. Sinclair was principal (says the *Windsor Record*). Mr. Seath was making an official visit, and during the day asked Mr. Elliott, a member of the staff, to give a lesson in grammar, designed to illustrate his method of presenting a particular branch of the subject. "That is how I teach it," said Mr. Elliott, when he had finished his lesson, "but another authority recommends this way," and for the inspector's enlightenment he gave a second illustration. "And what fool recommends the latter plan?" said the inspector, with marked scorn. For answer Mr. Elliott reached out and handed Dr. Seath his own text-book. It is said that the doctor since that time has been less exacting on the subject of grammar when he comes to Windsor.

The late Hon. A. S. Hardy, who became Premier of Ontario on the retirement of Sir Oliver Mowat, always made it a point when he went on the stump anywhere to absorb as much "local color" as possible before going to a meeting. In every locality there are a few men, generally odd characters, who are notorious for making interruptions at political gatherings, and Mr. Hardy, on his arrival at a strange place to speak, as a rule had the local Grit workers give him pointers as to the appearance and characteristics of these individuals. During one of the red-hot contests for the Commons between the late Justice Lount and the late D'Alton McCarthy in North Simcoe, Mr. Hardy addressed a meeting in the interests of Mr. Lount at Stayner, the convention town and central point for political frays in that historic riding. There lived in the locality a fiery Conservative of remarkable physiognomy, who rejoiced in the patrician name of Coffee. He never missed a political meeting, and was in English phrase a famous heckler. On this occasion Mr. Hardy had scarcely commenced his address before Mr. Coffee, who, as usual, occupied a front seat, roared an aggravating question at the speaker. Quick as a flash Mr. Hardy retorted: "Haden't you better empty your old coffee pot outside?" The veteran was paralyzed, so to speak, at this unexpected sally from a total stranger, and so unmercifully was he gaped that his voice was never again heard to rise at a political meeting with the old strident ring.

The other day a member of the SATURDAY NIGHT staff was in the office of the well-known company which does the paper's engraving, and his attention was attracted to a striking design for a fashion plate of ladies' costumes. The genial manager, passing by, remarked, "Studying the fashions, are you?" Then he went on: "When I look at a plate like that I am often reminded of Norman E. Price. You know what a successful artist he is now. Well, he started with us something over six years ago and the first work he did was a drawing like that—a ladies' fashion plate intended for advertising purposes. When I saw his attempt I nearly fainted: the figures were pudgy, fat exactly what they should not be. I called him up, 'What do you think of those figures?' I asked. 'They are,' said he, 'anatomically correct.' 'Well,' I said, 'they may be all right as regards anatomy, but, Price, look at them! That plate is intended to influence women to buy those garments. Can you imagine any woman wanting to look like that?' With this light on the subject Price drew a group of graceful, wasp-waisted figures that left nothing

to be desired." About a year after this episode Mr. Price left Toronto and after a short time spent in New York finally located in London, England, where he is at present associated with the Carlton Studio. Although less than thirty, his work is now considered to rank with that of Howard Pyle and John S. Sargent. Among the recent books which he has illustrated with distinction are the beautiful volume of *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*, and several other editions of *de luxe* of important works issued by British publishers.

The old phrase, "Put yourself in his place," found a rather striking emphasis in the conduct of a little lad who recently taught his parents a needed lesson. The lad's grandfather lived with the family, and he was so old that his hands shook as if with palsy. By reason of this shaking he had broken not a few dishes by letting them fall to the floor, and he also spilt tea on the tablecloth. Because of this the powers that were ordained that the old man should eat in the kitchen and use wooden dishes. One day the fond mother and father found little Johnny out in the back yard endeavoring to gouge the interior out of a block of wood, using a dull axe for the work. They had visions of their son budding out as a genius in engineering or architecture, and anxiously asked what he was making. The boy was a bit shy about it. He didn't want to tell. But the proud parents pleaded to know, and Johnny finally blurted out the answer, "Don't like to tell"—fidgeting uneasily—"but if I must it's just—I mean I was just makin' cups and saucers for you to drink out of when you get old like grandpa." It is hardly necessary to add that grandpa came back to the table and didn't use wooden dishes after that.

Some years ago, when even students' dinners were not so decorous and non-alcoholic as they are now, a 'Varsity man, whose alias is Tom Brown, went to Montreal to represent his alma mater at a banquet. Mr. Brown found the occasion pleasant but overpowering, and his return to Toronto was deferred for a day. A few weeks afterwards, a committee from the Y. M. C. A., entirely ignorant of his experience, summoned him to consult with them about a banquet which they had under consideration. Mr. Brown gave several valuable suggestions, and then was asked by the chairman of the committee: "By the way, I suppose, it was a temperance banquet?" Brown caught the eye of a student who had known of the way in which 'Varsity was represented in the Province of Quebec, and answered valiantly: "So far—as I remember—it was distinctly temperance."

A reader has sent me a copy of the printed programme of a concert given in New Glasgow, N.S., by the St. George's Church Society in aid of the building fund. The local business men put advertisements on the programme, and among those who took advantage of this opportunity was Mr. Lee Fang, the laundryman. Here is his advertisement, and it effectively answers those who say that the Chinaman is not progressive. Mr. Lee Fang believes in advertising for what he wants:

CHINESE LAUNDRY MARSH STREET.

Lee FANG, Proprietor.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments done in first-class style. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask for my prices before going elsewhere.

I am a naturalized British subject, now living in Canada for six years. Am a bachelor, but not averse to matrimony.

LEE FANG.

John S. Ewart, K.C., one of the best known Canadian lawyers, and now head of a leading legal firm in Ottawa, once found himself in an awkward predicament in arguing a case. The learned counsel had been handicapped by lack of time in the preparation of the case in hand, but he had to grapple with it. He evidently tried to make up for this by the energy which he put into the argument. He argued all the points he touched on with enthusiasm and force. Soon after he had started, a smile crept over the faces of the judge and the lawyers in the court-room. It gradually grew, while the perplexed Mr. Ewart wondered about its cause. At last the mirth of the bench and the bar could no longer be restrained. It had to find vent. The barrister could bear it no longer and he stopped his argument to ask the reason of it. The judge just tittered as he remarked, "You've been arguing the wrong side of the case, Mr. Ewart. Now we'll hear the other side if you're ready." True enough, the lawyer had been defending his opponent's position, and assailing his own. It was a Herculean task for him to set in to upset his own argument, but he went manfully at it.

A Medical Move.

THE news that Toronto University is to open its doors to women students in medicine comes as no thrilling surprise to those who have seen education "broadening down from precedent to precedent." The change from the Ontario Woman's Medical College to the provincial university is quite in keeping with the new hospital movement and the increased equipment of the University itself. The various federations have shown the trend of the higher educational institutions of the province and the time has doubtless come for women students of medicine to receive the full benefit of the instruction to be afforded by the university environment, admirably as a smaller institution may at one time have served the needs of women aspirants to the degree of M.D. There is no necessity in the year 1906 to wage any warfare in behalf of Canadian women who wish to enter upon such study. Those who once gloomily predicted that, if women were allowed to enter the professions, homes would be rendered comfortless and even forsaken, have lived to see that their fears were baseless and that, as far as the medical profession is concerned, the entrance of women has, if anything, added to domestic comfort and health.

In a desire to know something of the history of woman's medical study in our country, I applied to Dr. Helen MacMurchy and Dr. Stowe-Gullen of Toronto, neither of whom had anything to say on the subject of the foregoing paragraph, but furnished me with information which will doubtless prove interesting at the present moment. In connection with the number of women entering the medical profession an article written by Dr. MacMurchy for the *Varsity* of November 9, 1905, declares: "The number of women who are physicians will never be very large. First, because many women who would have made good doctors have had a still higher calling and are good mothers. Second, because many women who would have made good doctors are making, and this also is a high calling, good nurses.... The number of women studying medicine at present in the United States seems rather to be diminishing, judging by a table compiled from the reports of the Commissioner of Education of the United States." In an article, "Medicus et Medica," by the same author,

reprinted from an article in *American Medicine*, a statement is made in the form of a cheerful tribute: "It is not to be forgotten that, if women have learned this art of healing, men have taught it to them, in the first instance at least. Many medical men did this willingly and cheerfully, some did it *con amore*, with a generous enthusiasm. There are few men, after all, who would not agree with Mr. Grote in saying that whenever a woman has a real love for learning in her youth and a genuine aspiration after an independent and self-maintaining position, she should at least have as fair a chance as a man of using her talents to the utmost."

The story of woman's medical education in England, Scotland and America has its fascinating aspect according to the narrative which follows. Miss Elizabeth Blackwell in 1844 sought to study medicine in the United States, but of 13 colleges only one, Geneva Medical College, in New York State, was hospitable enough to grant admission and Dr. Blackwell graduated in 1849. The oldest woman's medical college in the world is in Philadelphia and one of the corporators is quoted as saying at the college jubilee: "The work of these 50 years has all been done in the modest Quaker way, with no parade, no advertisement and no debts." The statement is also made that the first woman to go to a foreign land as a medical missionary was a graduate of this college, Dr. Clara Swain. The first hospital for women in Asia was the gift of the Nawab of Rampore, at the request of Dr. Swain. In England, another Elizabeth, Miss Garrett, was the first woman to practice medicine, her name being placed on the British Medical Register in 1865, although she had been obliged to have some lectures delivered to her privately. In Scotland the scene was more agitating and five women, on the Inner House deciding against their plea for instruction in medicine journeyed to England, where they obtained, in the course of time, the desired degree. It is hardly necessary to add that Scotland long ago opened the examinations in medicine to women.

Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen is probably the best-informed member of the profession with regard to the medical education of Canadian women, since her mother,



DR. EMILY STOWE,
First Woman Physician in Canada.

Before her death in 1903 Dr. Stowe saw the way made clear for women students of her own land, having contributed herself to almost every movement in favor of broadening the education of her sisters. She had the courage and perseverance of the pioneer and her influence was felt in almost every educational and philanthropic movement, associated with women's work. Dr. Stowe-Gullen was the first woman to take a degree in Canada, graduating from Victoria University, Cobourg, in 1883. She courteously gave me a brief sketch of the history of the Woman's Medical College of Toronto.

The chief founder of the college was Dr. Michael Barrett, Professor of Physiology in the University of Toronto, and the first formal step towards the organization of the college was taken at a public meeting of citizens in Shaftesbury Hall in the spring of 1883, the Hon. Mr. Justice Patterson being in the chair. The first Board of Trustees consisted of Mr. James Beaty, Rev. Principal Caven, Professor Michael Barrett, Dr. George Wright, Dr. Adam H. Wright, Mr. Irving H. Cameron, Mrs. James Gooderham, Mrs. John Harris and Mrs. McEwan. The formal opening of the college took place on October 1st, 1883. During the first session three students were in attendance, two of whom graduated in the year 1887. In that year, the founder and first Dean, Dr. Barrett, died, and Dr. McPhedran became Dean of the college. In the year 1888, Dr. R. B. Nevitt, who, with Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen and others, had been on the faculty from the foundation of the college, was appointed Dean, and Dr. J. Gibb Wishart, secretary. The present building was erected in 1892.

The number of graduates of the college is 112, including 23 who are medical missionaries in Persia, India, Ceylon, China, Japan and among the Indians in our own North-West. It may be remarked in passing that Kipling, who is not given to overestimating woman's work, puts into the mouth of an American woman doctor the most illuminating dissertation on India in that startling sketch, *The Enlightenment of Paget, M.P.* Among those who are engaged in the great work of foreign missions is Dr. Rijnhart, author of *In Tent and Temple with the Thibetans*. The other graduates are nearly all practising in Canada, the United States and Australia, some of them holding important positions, such as that of Dr. Stella Taylor, superintendent of the New England Hospital for Women and Children at Boston, and Dr. Elizabeth Hurdon, an associate professor in the medical department of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

Even a cursory glance at the college records reveals faithful and unselfish work through twenty-two years

which have been years of honor as well as of toil. The time has come for a change to a broader community of college life, but, as is quoted in an article formerly referred to, from the speech of Dr. Emily Blackwell at the thirty-first and last Commencement of the New York Medical College for Women: "We have held open the door for women until broader gates have swung wide for their admission." CANADIANE.

Paul Laurence Dunbar's "Discoverer."

IT may interest Torontonians to know that a former resident of this city was primarily instrumental in the "bringing out" as a poet of Paul Lawrence Dunbar who died last week. When Dunbar was a boy in Dayton, Ohio, Dr. Toby, superintendent of the Insane Asylum in Toledo, chanced to read some fragments of verse that he had written. They struck the doctor as being unusual, and he showed them to a friend, Mr. John N. Mockett, who at one time lived in Toronto, and who is now the proprietor of an extensive men's furnishing store in Toledo, and one of the wealthiest and most prominent residents of that city. Mr. Mockett, although a business man, is keenly interested in literary matters, and has himself written some creditable verse. When he was shown Dunbar's first "poetry" and told that it had been written by a negro elevator boy in Dayton, Mr. Mockett at once became interested in the lad, for the verses were striking and full of melody. He saw Dunbar and wrote several articles about him which were published in a number of journals, and which attracted attention to the youthful colored poet. Soon after this Dunbar's verses began to appear in the magazines and newspapers and were soon widely copied.

Although the negro poet's writings were marked by a wholesome outlook and a bright and cheerful philosophy the poet's own life was shaped by the peculiar vagaries characteristic of his race. He was also a prey to "vain imaginings." His great ambition was to be an actor, and to play *Hamlet*. As his color precluded him from appearing as the Danish Prince and he had reluctantly to abandon that eager desire, he still cherished the hope of becoming a great *Othello*. In this dream also he was doomed to disappointment. HAL.

J. C. and the Waits.

Mr. Chamberlain was leaving Highbury one New Year's Eve to call upon a friend, and after adjusting the well-known astrachan collar about his chin he was fixing the familiar monocle in the light, satiric eye. As he did so he turned it on a group of men about the porch who were staring unusually hard at him considering he was "among his own people," as he says himself. "Are you a deputation?" he asked. "No sir," was the reply, "we are the waits." "The what?" "The waits. We've been playing here, sir, every night for the past three weeks, and now we've come—er— Here the spokesman paused. "Well?" said the great man in seeming impatience. "Fact is, sir, we've come— "Oh, I understand," said Mr. Chamberlain cheerfully, "you've come to apologize!" Needless to say he gave the jest a golden lining.—*Tatler*.

To Dickens' Watch.

Williamson's address to his Dickens watch on discovering that it contained a lock of hair; verses read by J. W. Bengough at the Dickens banquet on February 7.

O, Dickens watch! thy value is enhanced
A thousand fold since luckily I chanced
To find this lock of hair within thy case;
How couldst thou keep so innocent a face
So long a time, knowing thou didst possess
This precious keepsake? I can never guess.
Yet thou didst do it. From thy steady tickin'
I never would have known this gift from Dickens
Lay there concealed; thy hands ne'er pointed to it,
Thou keptst it mum—how ever could you do it?
Have I not been a master kind and true?
Indeed, have I not fairly worshipped you?
And yet you never gave a hint of this,
But were, to put it mildly, quite remiss.
But never mind, a kindly accident
Revealed the hidden treasure, and so sent
Thy value quickly up, for I do vow
Thou art a hair-loom more than ever now.

But whose hair is it? That I want to know
Beyond all things. On whose head did it grow?
Was it, as I would fain believe, his own—
Upon the Head of Fiction's Head Man grown?
If you could tell me so for sure, I swear
I'd ever keep thee in the best repair,
I'd lavish money on thee with good will
And freely give thee Rye's utmost skill
But thou art silent—or at least thy tick
Is Greek to me—Oh watch couldst thou but speak!
I do believe this is the Master's hair,
And so I'll prize it as a treasure rare,
And every night before I go to bed
(After my little prayers I have said)
I'll clasp it to my bosom and lie down
The proudest Dickens lover in the town.

But even if it is not Dickens' own
It may've belonged to someone he has known.
Perhaps 'twas cut from Sairey Gamp's old head,
Or Fagin's whiskers—if they weren't red,
Or Little Dorrit's humble, faithful brow,
Or old Micawber's top-knot. Ah, but how?
For he was bald as any billiard ball,
No—here I'll quit my guessings, one and all.

J. W. BENGOUGH.



SHOW SUNDAY (VERY LATE IN THE AFTERNOON.)

Fashionable Lady (doing her twenty-third studio)—So glad to have been able to come, Mr. Browne. Now, what's all this about?
Gifted but rather Morbid Artist—Well—er—it represents a little incident in the times of the Spanish Inquisition, you know. A young girl is supposed to have been tortured and—
Fashionable Lady—Oh yes, yes. How sweetly pretty! Well, good-bye, Mr. Browne. So pleased, etc.

THE DRAMA.

THE performances announced for next week at the Princess Theater present a somewhat startling variety. The four Mansfield events in the latter half of the week will probably be the finest dramatic occurrences of the year. During the early part of the week there will be a musical comedy, *The Catch of the Season*, in which will appear Miss Edna May, who is attractive enough to redeem even a musical comedy. It is said, however, that *The Catch of the Season*, is one of the best of its kind and abounds in tinkly tunes, frilly gowns and pretty girls. There are worthy people who prefer such delights to Beethoven's *Choral Symphony* as rendered by our own and only Mendelssohn Choir, and they will probably enjoy exceedingly the twinkling of Miss May and the lesser lights that shine in this firmament of comic opera. At Daly's Theater in New York she has had a most successful engagement and will appear in London, England, next month, and as Mr. Charles Frohman is the managing genius, the play, we are assured, is handsomely staged.

But the Mansfield list is another story and the four different "offerings" create anticipations of dramatic enjoyment in the hearts of those who desire better things than Paris gowns and artful dancing. The list has been slightly altered, and we are not to see Mr. Mansfield as *Alceste* in Moliere's *The Misanthrope*, since *The Merchant of Venice* has been substituted for next Thursday evening. As *Shylock* has lately been playing his game of vengeance on the Elizabethan stage of Massey Hall, some of us would have preferred the French production, especially after reading the Californian comments on *Alceste*. But we are going to have the casket scene and the mercy speech and the Jessica-Lorenzo moonlight all over again. The play is said to be magnificently staged, but it will have to be picturesque indeed to make one forget the Irving scenes of two years ago, for it was in February, 1904, that we last saw Sir Henry, and the glory of that Italian moonlight has not faded.

The Friday night performance is to be Shakespeare again—the tragedy of *Richard III.*, when Mr. Mansfield will take the part of *Richard of Gloucester*, the last and the worst of the Plantagenet kings. At least, one believes in the latter designation when under the dramatist's spell. It is all in vain to read Lytton's *Last of the Barons* and other extenuating fiction which would have Richard of Gloucester as much sinned against as sinning. Shakespeare has made him a villain, but a villain of splendid scope and profundity, whose wooing of the *Lady Anne*, whose husband, *Edward*, "young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal," he had slain, is one of the highest achievements of the dramatist. The audience is ready to echo *Gloucester's* question:

"Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humor won?"

The character of *Margaret of Anjou* is almost a match for *Richard's* in fierce strength and is nobler in its outraged humanity. As one critic has said: "*Richard* and *Margaret* stand out prominently from the group—two dark and awful creations: the one a subtle fiend, covering a satanic spirit with a mask of meekness; the other an avenging being, threatening God's wrath upon the destroyers of her family and party." The terrible egotism of *Richard*, the warped body that has seemed to render crooked the soul, and the renouncing of all those tender feelings that illumine the tragedies of life make his bent form one of the most awful in Shakespearean drama. These words are beyond and baffling to the human:

"I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word-love, which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone."

But no man is stronger than destiny, as *Richard* found on the eve of Bosworth fight, as Napoleon found at St. Helena. In spite of the flattering portrait given of the *Earl of Richmond* one's eyes, if not the heart, are given to the falling king while "the little souls of Edward's children" are avenged, and one might almost wish for him the horse for which he offered a kingdom.

The dream of Clarence is one of Shakespeare's most awful portrayals of remorse, as the doomed prince cries during the tempest of his soul:

"I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night."

This closing chronicle of the Plantagenets is a tragedy, indeed, through which the closing union of the white rose with the red can hardly send a cheering ray. Some of the higher critics attribute it to Marlowe, but most of us are content that it should go with the troubled records of *Henry VI.* on the historical list of Shakespeare's dramas.

On Saturday afternoon, the trivial but never boring *Beau Brummel* will appear, the friend of princes and the prince of dandies. Mr. Mansfield has made an excellent selection for a matinee performance, which will doubtless meet with lavish feminine approval. Schiller's *Don Carlos* will be the fourth production, on Saturday night, and will introduce a striking panorama of the superb royal palace of the Escorial in Madrid. But the part of the prince is the play, after all, and affords scope for lofty dramatic genius. As Schiller, himself, took more than five years to the writing of this drama, at a time when his own intellectual development was rapidly unfolding, the work is a singularly interesting study of emotional maturing, the first and the closing acts evidently belonging to different periods of belief and feeling. The pride, the magnificence and the cruelty of Spain play through the action of the drama which is full of stirring incident.

At the Princess Theater this week a play of decidedly unique subject, the mania of modern speculation, as set forth in Mr. Pollock's dramatization of *The Pit*, has created much interest. Mr. Wilton Lackaye as *Curtis Jadwin*, the man who surrenders his soul to Mammon, presents a powerful study of the modern materialist. After all, the materialism is not so entirely gross as it seems, for it is the game, the chase, which fascinates *Jadwin* and makes him a speculating fiend. It is the tragedy of the gambler, and the scene might as well be Monte Carlo as Chicago. The sentimental interest of the novel was comparatively slight, but Mr. Pollock has made the most of *Laura Jadwin's* character, constituting it one of unusual strength and stability. In the third act, there is a weak scene of unreal effect when *Corthell* appeals to *Laura* through an over-wrought interpretation of *Manon*. The last act is the compressed tragedy of commercial conflict and portrays convincingly the courage and the desperation of the man at bay. Miss Jane Oaker as *Laura Jadwin* gives an essentially womanly and sympathetic presentation of the loving but neglected wife. *Trilby*, which was seen in four performances, met with renewed interest, although the play might better be called *Svengali*, so completely does that evil personality dominate the scene. The introduction of his mesmeric power was a serious blemish in the novel, and is detrimental to the drama. The charm of *Du Maurier's* book was in its flavor of Thackeray, in its undertone of comradeship touched with gentle cynicism. In the drama, that flavor is gone and we lose sight of the three delightful chums and are confronted with a spectacular *Svengali* and a cheerless *Trilby*.

It's up to you, *John Henry* is the fearsome name of a musical farce at the Grand this week. The hero, *John Henry*, has a happy faculty of falling into difficulties, and it is continually "up to him" to extricate himself. He loses all his money on the races, purchases an expensive



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—Life.

country house without a cent in his pocket, becomes engaged to two girls at once, engineers a burglary and finally masquerades as a railway conductor. He is a past-master of every kind of slang from the race-track to the green-room variety. Charles E. Grapewin was a success in the part, and his dry humor was at times decidedly amusing. In addition there were a United States Senator, a broken down jockey, an Italian countess and a village constable. Add a negro porter, an hotel bell-boy, two furniture movers, a chauffeur, an old toper and a bunch of show girls, and the mixture, if stirred well and strained, ought to leave a few hearty laughs at the bottom. Anna Chance, the leading lady, sang some catchy songs in a pleasing voice and there were some very good stage settings, notably in the burglary scene.

The programme at Shea's this week opens with *Fun in a Cafe*—a turn which enables Spissell Brothers and Mack to spill trays of dishes, fall over chairs, and assault each other with all the cheerful abandon of acrobatic comedy. Mrs. Annie Yeamans and Miss Jennie Yeamans, after a favorable reception in a humorous skit dealing with the tribulations of a gawky dame training for the stage, are succeeded by Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield in the one-act comedy *Mike Haggarty's Daughter*. The three parts in this clever sketch are well taken, particularly that of the warm-hearted, warm-tempered Irishman who would rather fight than eat, and rather drink than fight. The smartest turn on the programme must be credited to Mame Remington and her four little pickaninies, whose spirited singing and dancing win many recalls. Music that hath charms to soothe the savage breast of the amiable Shea audience is provided by Dillon Brothers in their "Song Treatment," and by Frank and Jen Latona in a rather lengthy but enjoyable series of vocal contributions. Miss Latona possesses a sweetness of voice and a certain refinement of style better suited to pretty ballads than to the squawky inanities of the comic song. As a finishing touch to the evening's entertainment there is the daring and exceedingly clever acrobatic work of the three sisters Herzog Camaras, followed by the still more thrilling bicycle feats of Wizard and Irene Stone in their mad gyrations round "The Globe of Death." These two performances must be specially enjoyed by people who feel that a maximum fee of fifty cents entitles them to the possible opportunity of seeing some one abruptly mangled. All in all, the programme is a good one; and if some of the stories told and songs sung had their first presentation before the Noah family circle on rainy evenings in the ark, the audience still give them too friendly a reception to necessitate their removal from active service.

W. A. Fraser of Georgetown and Thomas W. Broadhurst of New York are going to collaborate in the writing of a play. Mr. Fraser returned this week from New York and Philadelphia, where he had gone to make his annual arrangements with his story publishers. While in Gotham it was arranged that a racing play should be written for Mr. Frohman, and Mr. Broadhurst will come over next month and spend several weeks at Georgetown supplying that technical stage knowledge which is essential in the making of a play.

They Each Understood.

At a dinner recently Chauncey Olcott had this to say of the average French that is spoken by Americans. "It may be epitomized in the story of a girl in Paris, who met a French woman at the Ritz, and took tea with her. Afterwards as she got in her carriage at the Place Vendôme, her companion said enviously: "I suppose you had a lovely time with that French lady? I expect you got on famously in conversation?" "Well," said the girl, complacently, "she understood what she said, and I understood what I said."



Hostess—Oh, Captain Smythe, I am afraid it will be rather a Herculean task, but do you think you could bring some supper for Lady Cramley out here? (Lady C., who doesn't see the terrific struggle for the means of existence in the supper-room, wonders what she means.)—The Tatler.

New York Letter

THE quiet of last week is to be broken forthwith by a rush of new plays, that have at least the merit of variety. First in importance will be the presentation of an English version of Henri Lavedan's *The Duel*, which has already enjoyed a most successful run at the Theatre Francaise in Paris. Mr. Louis N. Parker is the adapter in this instance, and it is fervently hoped that the translation will retain some of the literary distinction which has been freely remarked in the original.

The Duel is the old one—human desire on one side, religious duty on the other, engaged in mortal combat for the soul of a woman. A beautiful duchess married to a sot, loves and is loved by another man, a physician, but is restrained by religious scruples from following the way of her heart. She is aided in the conflict by the counsels of her confessor, who, to add piquancy to the situation, is made a brother of the scientific man, from whom he has long been estranged. The conflict is carried on in secret for some time, but accident eventually brings the three central figures together, the scene of their meeting proving the climax of the play. The intervention of a saintly bishop bears the suspicion of a conventional ending, but that is a detail. The dramatic and human interest centers in the conflict and the faithfulness with which the lines of demarcation are drawn. A strong cast is provided, with Mr. Otis Skinner as the priest, Mr. Guy Standing the physician, Mr. Eben Plympton the bishop, and Miss Fay Davis the woman. *The Duel* will replace *Man and Superman* at the Hudson, where the latter's successful run has just been brought to a reluctant close. This change leaves Mr. Bernard Shaw no worthier representative in the field than a pugilist and Miss Amelia Bingham, with one of Proctor's vaudeville playhouses for the arena.

The Bishop, in which Mr. W. H. Thompson will appear at the Princess, is a rewriting of *The Bishop's Move*—a comedy of some years ago, written by John Oliver Hobbes and Mr. Murray Carson, which many playgoers will still remember. Mr. Thompson will be supported by Miss Drina de Wolfe and the comedy is to be preceded by a one-act piece, *For Love's Sake*.

Mr. Hopkinson, which will succeed *The Walls of Jericho* at the Savoy, is an English farce that has already pleased Londoners for a long time. Whether the brand of humor will appeal to American tastes, however, has to be proved.

Gallops, a sportive comedy, by Mr. David Gray, will be produced at the Garrick, with Charles Richman and Grace Kimball at the head of a more or less "stellar" cast.

George Washington, Jr., who brings up the tail of the procession, is the title of Mr. George M. Cohan's latest effort in the concoction of alleged musical comedy, and it will be interesting to see if this clever librettist has made any real departure from his familiar glorification of Broadway and the sporting fraternity.

The Lucky Miss Dean, which in the hands of Mr. Charles Hawtree was presented with considerable success in London, has all the essentials of an excellent farce comedy, but the New York presentation has not been particularly fortunate in the casting of the leading roles. And the result is not up to expectations, nor to the excellent standard which Mr. Laurence has hitherto set for his little-theater-around-the-corner. The comedy has to do with the fortunes and misfortunes of a young painter, Frederick Ware, and Miss Anicia Dean, who have been secretly married—the reason for secrecy being the fear

that the young lady's allowance may be cut off on discovery of the matrimonial alliance. A portrait of the pretty wife has been hung in the Academy, and to attract public attention to his work the painter has, with the assistance of a newspaper ally, invented a story of how a wealthy eccentric just deceased became so infatuated with the picture that he made the original his heiress. The unexpected happens when the hitherto neglectful relatives swoop down to take possession of the desirable heiress. The allowance is not only stopped for obvious reasons, but the girl is involved in extravagant purchases, worthy of her new station in life. Further complications arise over the importunities of two cousins for the heiress' hand, until the bright idea occurs to the young lady of making the purchase of the notorious picture a condition of their successful suit. The result is that each of the rivals become the purchaser of the same picture. The dilemma is finally relieved by the escape of the prevaricating principals to Paris, where a Pittsburg millionaire, who has apparently been "huncod" by the newspaper yarn, has summoned the artist for a portrait. The piece is certainly a most agreeable farce, and, effectively cast should provide excellent entertainment. Still, even at this, it seems to be thoroughly enjoyed and is proving one of the popular attractions among the buying fraternity, who invade New York at this season, and to whom all classes of dramatic entertainment from *Man and Superman* or *Peter Pan* down, are "shows."

The Vanderbilt Cup is a highly diverting entertainment, compounded of song, dance and automobile persiflage. Or, as the programme describes it, "A new 8-cylinder comic machine carrying three shoes and eight tubes." The automobile play was inevitable sooner or later—in fact it has been hanging around the wings for some time—and the form it has taken in this is perhaps as agreeable as any. As its title implies, *The Vanderbilt Cup* has chiefly to do with the great annual race on Long Island, and the sensational feature of the entertainment is a very realistic picture of the race, wherein by a clever mechanical device, two cars are seen going at top speed at three different points of the course.

Next in interest to the scenic effects, which are very fine indeed, even for Broadway, is the clever work of the young star performer, Miss Elsie Janis. This is her first essay in a stellar role, and a bright, winsome little gem of comedy she is in the operatic firmament. Her imitations, too, entertain us for the better part of an act.

From London papers to hand the other day, it would appear that Miss Edith Wynne Matthison has won a great personal triumph in Professor Gilbert Murray's admirable translation of the *Electra* of Euripides, recently produced at the Court Theatre there, under the Barker-Vedrenne management. In at least a dozen extended notices of the performance before me—including Mr. William Archer's, Mr. Walkley's and Mr. Anthony Ellis'—the verdict is unanimous that Miss Matthison's achievement in the great tragic role places her at once in the forefront of English actresses; one of the more enthus-



THE IRRESPONSIBLE CRITIC.

Cheerful Charwoman—Yes, sir, yer pictures is very nice, but ye should see the oleos I got with them soap wrappers.—The Tatler.

iastic critics, Mr. Ellis, going so far as to declare her in the lawful succession of such wonderful women as Bernhardt and Duse. This news will prove an agreeable confirmation of an estimate already formed over here, where, with only the humble opportunity of the Elizabethan programme to guide our judgment, we had long ago come to a similar conclusion.

The three great Attic dramatists, Sophocles, Eschylus, and Euripides, have each dealt with this old legend of the murder of *Clytemnestra* and her guilty paramour *Egisthus* by *Orestes*, in revenge for the slaying of his father, *Agamemnon*—Eschylus in his *Libation Bearer*, and the others under the name of the chief character, *Electra*. Sophocles, however, seems to placidly ignore the "problem" by accepting Apollo's decree—with only a mildly qualifying "if." But the less orthodox Euripides sees in the ancestral god merely the spirit of revenge driving victims on to their fate, and his *Electra*, as Mr. Archer points out, is therefore in the strict sense a problem play. (The modern parallel of this attitude need hardly be pointed out.) It is the story of *Hamlet*, with the queen's death added—an act so revolting to the ordinary consciousness, that Shakespeare foreseeing its dramatic difficulties, no doubt, and not over fond of the ethical problem, as such, wisely avoided it. Mr. Archer says the character of *Electra* is depicted with marvelous subtlety. She is on the stage almost all the time and is all the time in a state of high nervous tension. Miss Matthison supports the weight of the character without once flinching. In attitude, gesture, expression and delivery her performance approaches perfection. Of the beauty of the play itself and of Professor Gilbert Murray's admirable translation, I quote Mr. Archer again: "From the rising of the curtain upon a grey morning picture of extraordinary poetic design, to its fall upon a twilight scene expressive of the darkness that descends upon the mind after the gratification of an unholy craving, the performance of the *Electra* of Euripides was a noble and moving spectacle and a constant delight to the eye, the ear, the mind. . . . Its dramatic interest is intense, its poetic beauty exquisite. Seldom certainly can one poet have done another a greater or more unlooked-for service than Mr. Murray has done to Euripides in thus, after all these centuries, breathing into his creation the breath of a new life." How insignificant our own dramatic accomplishments seem beside all this chaste grandeur. J. E. W.

A Windy Premier.

(Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's language has been described as windy.)

If you are windy, why, small blame,
'Tis Nature's fault, for by your name
You're half a Gael!

—Funch.

The Book About Jade

FOR a long time and for no particular reason I have cherished an interest in jade, perhaps because Kipling mentions it so frequently in story and description. In "From Sea to Sea," jade gleams from his descriptions of Japanese temples and Burmese shrines, and in one of his stories he actually represents the girl as dressed in "jade-green muslin." Then in "The Naulahka," that enterprising Hindoo princess, who makes love to the young American hero while she intends to murder him, sends after him a parting endearment in the form of a jade-handled dagger. She does not kill the gentleman, but I have always remembered the green hilt. One day as the "Chippewa" entered the Niagara River, I heard an Anglo-Indian exclaim, "What a glorious green that water is—just like jade!"

Wherefore, when I read in the wholly reliable columns of the Toronto papers that "the most costly book on record" had recently arrived at the Public Library and that the said work is called "Catalogues and Investigations in Jade," published by Heber R. Bishop, New York, 1906, I resolved to see the great work and satisfy for once my jade curiosity. On a cheerful afternoon at the Reference Library, I found Dr. James Bain, who is never too busy to be courteous and obliging, and I asked to see the costly work which has lately been marked for our own.

"Is there any other copy in Toronto?" I asked.

"Yes—one at the University. It was arranged that Canada should have two copies—one for McGill and one for Toronto University, but I thought that we needed one at the Public Library, and," with a canny smile, "I managed to get one."

"How?" I said, feeling a Toddish desire to know how "the wheels had gone round."

"I'm not going to tell," replied the Librarian, kindly but firmly, with a certain Scotch finality.

Anyone who fancies that Toronto does not need a new and properly equipped library building should visit the store-room where volumes of rare value are crowded in a space woefully small. The best is made of existing conditions; but, whatever powers they be that should arrange for the building of the new structure, they are proving criminally neglectful of the task. Our city magnates are more enthusiastic over banquets than books, perhaps because the former are more easily assimilated. Such were my reflections as we entered the quiet, book-filled room and the covering was removed from a majestic volume, weighing sixty-five pounds, with pages eleven by sixteen inches. It is from the standpoint of book-making, not of literature, that this remarkable production is to be judged.

Truly, its like is not to be found in the city of Toronto. There are two stately folios, each of which is printed upon the finest quality of linen paper, manufactured especially for the purpose, and has cost about one thousand dollars. The covers are a sheer delight to the lover of the edition de luxe. Away with Elbert Hubbard and his shabby little Roycroft experiments! This is the very Devonshire cream of book-making. The covers are of cardinal crushed morocco, with richest tooling, and the lining—ah, that lining! As with the modern gown it is the rarest feature in the article and reveals itself with a shimmer of sapphire-blue moire. That is not how a mere man would describe it, but that is the true material. The editor of this sumptuous work is Mr. George F. Kunz, the general expert of Tiffany & Co., who has been engaged since 1886 in planning and directing the preparations of the text and illustrations.

Mr. Bishop was a well-known capitalist and art collector of New York, and the finest apartment in the Metropolitan Museum is now filled with the choicest examples of his collection. In the centre of the Louis XV. apartment, built by Mr. Bishop, in that museum, displayed in fifteen cases of gilt bronze and plate-glass is the most remarkable collection of jade specimens in the world. The central piece, known as the Heard vase, was obtained by a Boston tea-merchant in 1860 from the loot carried away from the famous summer palace of the Emperor of China by the French army. There are several examples of the rare and beautiful "Lettuce Green" jade, which are very costly and a series of ornaments from India, inlaid with rubies, diamonds and emeralds. The collection was begun in 1878, and finally became recognized as the most complete one of its kind in the world. The edition describing it is limited to 100 copies and the cost exceeds \$100,000. No copies have been or will be sold. The entire edition has been presented to the King of England, the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia, the Queen of Holland, the Emperor of Japan and the Emperor of China.

As I turned the heavy linen pages and saw the exquisite water colors, etchings and lithographs with which the work is adorned, I felt that the man was telling the plain truth who said: "These volumes are a monument to a single mineral." It is in China that jade is regarded with almost reverent admiration and the illustrations show beautiful designs of lotus-wreathed vases, sceptres of pearl-grey, pilgrim bottles of grey and green, a dragon and phoenix vase that looks like sheer crystal, a delicate plumtree vase of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644) and censers that are of a fragile loveliness. Everywhere the lotus and the dragon are carved and one realizes at the sight of the sacrificial tripod how the Chinese must have associated jade with their religious rites. The illustrations of its use in India show the green jadeite, dear to Kipling, and its cool-clear gleam has been beautifully caught by the artist. There are again caskets of pearl-grey, set

with emeralds, rubies and sapphires, truly Eastern in their magnificence. The spell of jewels must have fallen on the editor who compiled a work so superb. There are weapons from New Zealand of a sullen, dark-brown shade, there are slabs almost white and Mexican jade of green and grey. It is a curious, even a wonderful volume, one of the richest and most unusual in the world. What was the charm of jade for this moneyed American who gave up so much of his time and substance to the pursuit of vases and sceptres in China, Japan, India and the isles of the Pacific? Who knows? Perhaps he had a far-off ancestor who once worshipped in the East where the stone had a sacred meaning, strange to the irreverent Occident. Whatever was its magic, we have the book with its marvels of color and carving, and, thanks to the initiative of our Librarian, may know what we will about the stone which a Mexican writer has called "the heart of the dead."

J. G.

A SPY AT NIAGARA.

ONE would not suppose that an expert political spy would attempt to follow his profession on the Niagara frontier between Canada and the United States, but a story has just come out illustrating how much at sea an European conspirator is when set down on this large and free continent. Broughton Brandenburg (in the Philadelphia Saturday "Post") tells the story. The man was a Swiss, and he had, by his double dealings as a spy while the Boer war held Europe in suspense, made it advisable that he should disappear. He managed to get across to Miquelon, and from there to the iron mines at Sydney, Cape Breton. He must recoup his name and fortunes, and it occurred to him to get the plans of American forts on the Canadian frontier and sell them to the British Government, which he felt sure stood ready to pay a high price for any such information.

Consulting the best maps he could find, he learned that Fort Porter and Fort Niagara, on the Niagara frontier, seemed to afford the only likely ground. Then, according to the story he told me, he slogged on in the fur-naces at Sydney until he had earned enough for his scheme. Going to St. Catharines, Ontario, he bought twelve homing pigeons and smuggled them over the river in a rowboat one night. He had already made himself a set of tiny cameras which could be suspended one under each pigeon in such fashion as to operate by a simple clockwork and take a picture of all that lay underneath the bird one minute, two minutes, etc., after the bird was released. He must find the proper spot from which to release the pigeons so that they would fly directly over Fort Porter, and getting into an elaborate disguise, he left the farmhouse near Tonawanda where he had "concealed" himself and went to reconnoitre the fort, boldly, in broad daylight.

The street-car conductor let him off at the right spot and pointed the proper direction. When he had walked a little way he came to a pretty park with a row of houses down one side to the river-front, some young folks playing golf, and an old Gettysburg field-piece or so overlooking the Niagara. Soldiers were coming and going with here and there an officer, but nowhere could he see the fort. At last he ventured to inquire of a soldier:

"How far is it to Fort Porter?"

"This far and no farther. Here it is."

"Well, but where are the fortifications?"

"In the future."

That same day he sold a dozen pigeons and applied for work as a singer in a cheap concert hall on East Broadway in Buffalo.

Concerning Correct Speech.

O, why should the spirit
Of grammar be proud
With such a wide margin
Of language allowed?

Of course there's a limit—
"I know'd" and "I've saw,"
"I seen" and "I done it,"
Are rather too raw.

But then there are others
No better than they
One hears in the talking
He hears every day.

"Where at?" asks one person,
Quite thoughtless; and "Who,"
Asks another, "did Mary
Give that bonnet to?"

Hear a maid as she twitters:
"O, yes, I went out
With she and her fellow
In his runabout."

And hear a man saying,
"Between you and I,
That block of Pacific
Would make a good buy."

And this from a mother
Too kind to her boy
"I had rather you shouldn't
Do things to annoy."

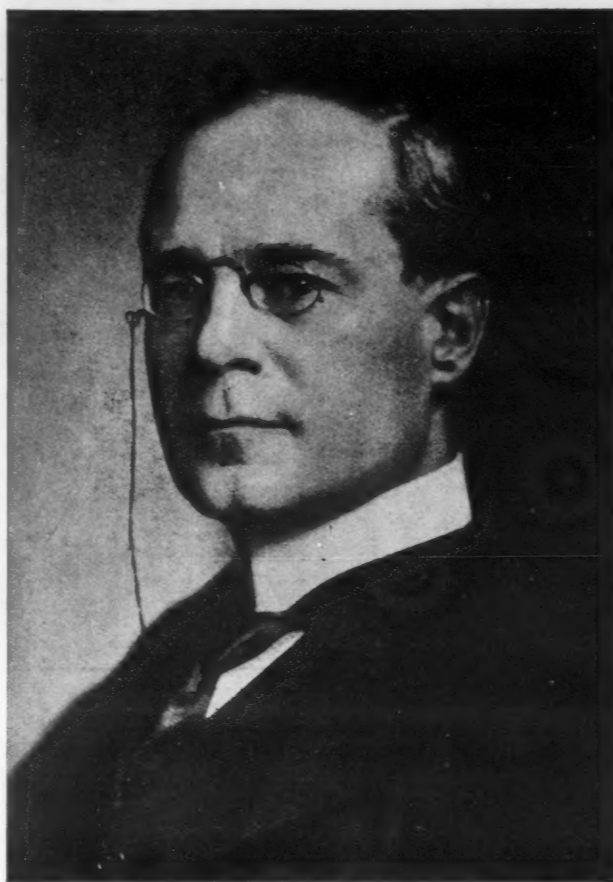
And this from a student,
Concerning a show,
Who says to the maiden,
"Let's you and I go."

There's lots of good people,
That's talking like that,
Who should learn from we critics
To know where they're at.

—W. J. Lampton, in the "Reader."

A Mean Insinuation.

Not one editor in a hundred who is engaged in the penmanship controversy, writes a legible hand.—Galt "Reporter."



MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD,
Who appears at the Princess Theater next week.

SOME COLLEGE HUMOR.

From the current issue of "Varsity." Said a maiden whose name was Van Smissen,
The ways of young men "Wir nicht wissen."
When I gave him that swat
He apparently thought
That I did not believe in boys kissin'.

Percy Briggs (watching a game of chess in the Union)—Do you know, chess is the only game I ever played in which I lost my nerve.

A big due-bill was overdue,
It bothered Bill and also Lou,
And that due bill was due because
That's the kind of a Jew Bill was.



Young Willy from his father fled,
Upset his mother's pan of bread.
Oh! How much dough will Willy knead
Before he is well bread indeed.

Messrs. Lazenby, Cruickshank and Dyke have a strong scene in "Macbeth" at Massey Hall this week. For a whole scene they hold the stage, and although no word is spoken the "hit" is a great success. Shakespeare's original draft of the play reads: "Enter servants bearing dishes," and, in accordance with the wishes of the deceased, Lazenby, Cruickshank and Dyke do so.

Irate Poet—So you think yourself the chief engineer of the "Varsity?"
"No, sir, I'm not the engineer; I'm the boiler."
And he proceeded to "boil down" a canto or two of poetry into a limerick.

"Do you see that Book? That is 'Some Undergraduate Poems.' No, not 'Bum Undergraduate Poems.' 'Some Undergraduate Poems.' Didn't you know it was out? Why yes, something like \$30."

THE LOST OYSTER.

The missing link between consommé and oyster soup.

Oyster soup is never plural;
He who thinks so is a dupe.
It is consommé at times, but oyster,
When the oyster's in the soup.
—Two weeks the Dining Hall's dispensed

Soups, regardless of the cost
Every kind of soup but oyster.
For the oyster has been lost.

That worried looking Individual? That is the Editor of "Varsity." He is worrying about his Paper. Some Girl has promised to write him an Essay for his Paper. Has n't she written it? Yes she has. That's what's the Matter.

His Opinion.

Hezekiah Butterworth was one day meditatively strolling through Boston Common, when an old acquaintance approached him with steps unsteady from drink. The intoxicated man's hard luck story found quick response in the sympathetic nature of Mr. Butterworth, and the desired "loan" was forthcoming.

As the man was about to hasten away with the coin Mr. Butterworth, placing his hand on his old friend's shoulder and looking him squarely in the eyes, said: "Patrick, I hope you will buy the food you need with this money, and quit your drinking. Remember, Patrick, there is a hereafter."

Whereupon the other man, returning the solemn gaze of the old writer, said: "Tha-that's right, He-He-Hezekiah, but I d-don't believe we'll either of us live to see it."—Boston "Herald."

The Ventriloquist and the Dog.

The art of ventriloquism, as a vocation, produces few millionaires. Hans Grausbeck frequently found it a difficult matter to get even a square meal, although he was a finished artist. Under stress of poverty he was obliged to part with his dog, to which he was much attached. One day they entered a restaurant together, the decorous animal occupying the chair opposite his master. "I'll have a steak," quoth Hans. "I'll have a steak too," said the dog.

The waiter's astonishment may be imagined, but his guests preserved a demeanor as if nothing had happened.

When the steak came Hans immediately complained, "This steak is frightfully tough."
"Mine's tough too," said the dog.
"What a wonderful dog!" exclaimed the waiter. "Did you train him to talk?"

"Oh, yes," replied the genial Hans, "he's talked for a long time."

"It's the most wonderful thing I ever heard. I must tell my master about him. He'll want to hear him, and I think he'll want to buy him."

Whereupon Hans gave a gesture of disapproval. When the owner of the restaurant appeared, the dog treated him to a bit of conversation and the restaurateur waxed enthusiastic.

"I'd give anything for that dog," he declared. "He'd be the greatest advertisement in the world. I'll give you twenty-five dollars for him."

"He's very dear to me," truthfully asserted Hans.

"I'll give you fifty dollars for him," Hans shook his head.

"But I must have him. I'll give you a hundred for him."

Whereupon Hans appeared to be on the verge of tears.

"Times are very hard, mister, and I need the money. It's like a man losing his wife, but I cannot afford to keep a dog worth so much money."

The money was counted out forthwith, and Hans put it in his pocket. "He's very fond of me, Pretzel is, and you'll have to bring a rope and let me tie him to this table until I'm out of reach."

The dog was tied, and his attitude harmonized with the event of separation. There was nothing simulated in his cast-down ears and his drooping tail. Just as the knot was tied and Hans started to rise, there came this ultimatum from the dog,—

"You have proved yourself a very ungrateful master, and I shall never speak again as long as I live."

Whereupon Hans made a dignified but prompt departure.—"Lippincott's Magazine."

Drew a Line Somewhere.

Recently comedian Al. H. Wilson had occasion to refer to a well known play.

"I'll tell you a story about this play," he said.

"Charlie Smith, Jr., is a member of a firm of solicitors. His partners always call him 'Charlie,' and the clerks, in his absence, call him 'Charlie,' too.

A new office boy had noticed this familiar use of Mr. Smith's name.

"One day Mr. Smith said to the boy:

"Telephone to the theater for two seats for 'Charlie's Aunt,' please."

"The boy hesitated. He flushed. Then he asked nervously:

"Hadden't I better say 'Mr. Smith's aunt,' sir?"

An Edison Joke.

"Thomas Edison," said William J. Kelley, "is in his quiet way a great joker."

"He was showing me over his workshops one day when a curious looking model caught my eye—a cube thing on rockers, with a kind of telephonic attachment running into it."

"What on earth is that?" said I.

"That," said Mr. Edison, "is an invention I am working on. I hope to make my fortune by it. It is a motor to run by sound. You attach it to a cradle, and the louder the baby cries, the faster the cradle rocks."

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Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent to the Editor. Requests for correspondence to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including general capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

R—I have just opened your December letter, and am a bit puzzled as to what it all means, for among the hundreds I've had since you first wrote, your identity, complaint and peculiarities have faded from my memory. "A treasured toy" may have a cinch in this world of cranks and knockers, but excuse me! The talent wrapped in the napkin expresses the extreme of fatuity and stupidity. Thanks for the good wishes; I didn't have fish for dinner, but two glorious feeds on the festive day, an embarrassment of riches they turned out! And alas for the Irishman who, like Kipling's lady "never will understand." Either he or you, preferably you, as you've started this matter, had better make up your mind to progress. You must get out of yourself; egotism, introspection, speculation are not good for you. You have a good deal of charm but lack the foundation of deep sincerity and repose.

Loyal—January 23rd brings you under Aquarius, an air sign, as that sign begins to rule on the 20th, but you have probably some of the traits of Capricorn, the previous sign. I don't know whether I ever saw such writing from a girl of nineteen before. It is impossible to delineate the cause it is so immature. The caution indicated is excessive, amounting to mistrust. The nature is independent and difficult to influence, the whole tendency toward materialism. It is said that undeveloped Aquarius people are blown about by every wind of doctrine and without equilibrium. Your writing exactly suggests that. As to your other questions, a little consideration (which you never give) would have shown you they were not likely to be answered. Pick out a lover for you? My word, no! As to good companions, those born in your own month, between January 20th and February 10th, or under Aries (April) or Sagittarius (December) are likely to do you most good. It's quite a shame to see an Aquarius not better developed than you are, and I can hardly believe that information about your age. The spendthrift quality of Aquarius and its flighty carelessness are painfully apparent. You should be much better.

Hope Fairfax—Your two letters are lying before me, and the writing is so eloquent and interesting that one could not imagine a greater contrast than between it and the study just preceding it. Here is an Aquarius who is justifying the genius of her sign. She would never think of asking me to select her a lover; the strongest and the weakest sign has in you one of its stalwarts, honest, fearless, progressive and full of energy and enterprise. You never lightly re-

linquish an idea or course of action, are apt to be critical and exacting in your standard, and generally cautious and reserved in giving confidences. You often suffer from haste and over-impulse, but have capital administrative power, much magnetism, independence and inspiration. Had the world more women like you, anaemic conditions and vapourish fancies would flee to the caves and disappear. It is the hand of a leader, and a successful one.

Mother—When one is sixty-six, one's writing often shows the touch of time as does yours. What's got into the women to-day to all be telling me their age? With all your hardships and experience you still have ambition and aspiration and a spirit that will not down. Life has made some angles in your temper, and a long strain of burdens has destroyed your repose, but yet you cannot be pessimistic. The buoyant touch is still with you, no matter what comes, and the enterprise which led you to send in your study starts you on many another undertaking. Dear mother, I am so sorry that your pen went crooked on the date, and I cannot tell if it be 20th or 30th you meant. However, it's more like the 30th style, and I dare say you're one of those wonderful Aquarius folk. If you want to write again I'll be quite proud.

Earnest—1. Plates, I fancy. 2. Yes. They are also put on last. 3. Between; just after meat. 4. Salts and peppers last of all; if nuts are given after dessert, salts must be replaced. 5. A smaller salver would be best for coffee cups and dessert plates. 6. No use brushing if there's nothing to brush, but she should look about and have her brush and tray ready for any stray crumbs. I am so hoping I answered you immediately, for you told me why it was necessary. Frankly, I should not change one item of my service if I were you, unless you are entertaining, and then just get in a couple of experienced waiters, who will serve things in up-to-date style. It's a nuisance for guests to have to dish out potatoes and vegetables, and very tiresome for you or your husband to cut up meat for a large party. As to the tea things on the table at dinner, I do think that is a bit rural, do you know. I trust the company appreciated your thoughtful care. I should!

McIver—The same to you, Scotty. It pleased me very much to know that I got sister "correct in every detail." May the fates guide me to the same result this time! You are a good business head; practical, reasonable and generally optimistic; you give no one your confidence lightly, and while capable of the warmest affection and rather susceptible withal, have a canny touch of self-preservation and a clear long-headedness. Adaptability will help you through some of life's posers, and an observant, careful and self-respecting progress should be yours. You have a good deal of expression and fair ability in some lines, extra good in others. Why should you call Taurus unfavorable? If you were a Virgo, like me, you'd respect the patient, generous, wilful strength of Taurus. Their heads aren't always screwed on straight, but even in their maddest moments they're bull good people—excuse the inadvertent pun. That the material nature of Taurus people, largely working from the senses, is hard to overcome is true, but when, dominating the senses, Taurus justifies the splendid powers, mental and spiritual, he is quick, brilliant, artistic, zealous, sanguine, a proud and worthy leader and an ideal friend. You have a touch of pride yourself and a quick wit also.

Savage—In the selection of a husband or wife great care should be taken. Leo is so apt to make trouble if not well spiritualized. The best chance for mutual happiness and accord will be when united with one in your own element, either Aries or Sagittarius. Personally, I'd risk the January person, because a little fire would do that earth sign no harm, but the above are the months selected by experts. I dare say you have noticed what we think of the revival before this. It's the same old way of working, which to some appears worth while. We need a less crude and more considered way of progress. As to having "no patience with them," why just let them go their ways in peace and keep your hair on. Anybody who wastes as much ink as you do in those tails and wiggles should draw in a bit and not go along in the middle of the road bumping folks.

Pakeha—Is that your subterranean nom de plume? And so Pakeha means "white man" in the Antipodes? And thus says he: "Saturday Night" is just A1. Reminds me of the dear old Sydney, N.S.W. "Bulletin," only, I'm glad to say, its morals are better. Good little us, we're quite strong on morals, I do assure you. You are well worth delineating, and writing shows ability, concentration, precision and some marked mental aptness, it might be for the arts, or some constructive pursuit. Writer might build a "brief," or plan a dwelling, put a lecture together neatly, or sort out stock. There is judgment, justice, choice, selection, all the qualities that keep folk level-headed and wise in action. You have not continuity of purpose nor that sequence of ideas which develops the long-headed man, but have the courage of your qualities and a dislike to call any man master. You are as blunt and business-like as a Sagittarius with the "narrowness" of an Englishman, and the nerve of twenty Highlanders. Thanks



"AN IMPREGNABLE POSITION."

"Now then, you young varmint, coom oot o' there afore I catches 'old on yer!"

for a look at you. It has aroused interest in the Sydney "Bulletin." Curious—Oh! Another of you with your age confessed, and a boy this time. I nearly said "Man." For a 17-year-old you have a fairly developed hand and are as roundabout and elusive a Pisces as ever I saw. If you are still "wondering," wonder why you wrote one line. I am sure you will some day get an M.S. accepted if you keep on.

Lady Gay's Column

"FIRE!" It was a strenuous cry, ringing, half choked, into the night air. The moonlight shined brightly with peace all about, started into a thousand echoes of fright, windows popped up and heads popped out, some with hair on end, some coiffed à la chinoise, some bristling with horny curl-papers or wire curlers, some, very few, with the flowing locks of the sleeping beauty in the fairy tales. "Fire! Fire!" and a terrified man went tearing past while the air vibrated with enquiries: "Where is it?" "Oh, see the smoke!" "It's right here, next door." Some nervous folk began to cry, and fretfully gird at the slow arrival of the hose reels, and as they complained, round the icy corner swung a reel, the horses leaning to their collars, the driver glaring this way and that along the prim little vista of the street, which between moonlight and electric light was as bright as day. Suddenly the horses reared back to a mighty pull on the reins, the hose reel backed down to the hydrant, another came careering round the corner, another and yet another, a mammoth hook and ladder wagon, weird figures in oilskins, men and women out of warm beds, huddled into warm wraps, young gentlemen in pyjamas and bathrobes, housekeepers in wrappers and shawls, all the lot looking, talking, getting in the way. Suddenly a glare, a volume of smoke, a great sigh from the huddled ones, a crash and the front door of the little home burst open, a tramping of oilskin figures, loud orders, a "sough" as the water hit the flames, steam and smoke, sough and crackle, falling embers and leaping flames. "Thank God, there's no wind." "The woman and the baby are next door." "He was thawing the water pipes." "Well, he succeeded!" These and other ejaculations floating up to the open window of the sky parlor! Apart from the discomfiture of the pipe thawers, the fright and disturbance of his family there seemed a general enjoyment of the exciting midnight arousal. Presently the weird figures came out from the smoky house, the air was rent with the clatter of big and little wagons, the hook and ladder first went trundling home, the others lingered cautiously until assurance was doubly sure, the windows closed one by one, the gentleman in the negligee garb ran off to bed, things simmered down, and by and by, the night resumed its peaceful aspect. To-day there is a wrecked kitchen and a very tired family party in the little home near by. In all the dread of conflagration which city folk cannot overcome, there is a pleasant comfort in the presence of a fire insurance policy, the first thing thought of when in the quiet hour just before retiring on Sunday night I heard that first startling throaty yell of "Fire!"

There is a society for the prevention of cruelty to children, but no one has had the sympathy for the courage to organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to parents. Don't laugh, I beg of you, nor think it a trifling question. There are hundreds of cruel children, and twice hundreds of suffering parents, the better parents they have been, the more they probably suffer. Not from self-denial or anxious planning, those are the parents' dearest offerings to their young; not from open, overt ill-usage or despite, but just from that arid lack of love in their old age which one reads in their patient, tense and hungry look, whenever the child goes carelessly by without recognition, whenever the mail comes in without letters, whenever dawn comes without greeting, and darkness without a child's presence. To see cruelty to a helpless child revolve every fine and noble feeling of one's nature; to see cruelty to an old person doesn't often even demand notice, much less protest or rebuke. There are lovely and dutiful children, there are also obtuse, careless, impatient and cruel ones. The cry of the little one goes up to all humanity. The voiceless sigh of the aged often passes unnoticed, heavy though it be with a sense of pain, injustice and protest no child could achieve. The cruellest cruelty is not ill use or oppression, deprivation or injury, it is the impression given that the aged one has ceased to interest, has slipped the hold on the younger hearts, has been relegated to worse than

outer darkness. Some will tell you that aged hearts grow cold and senses numb. Don't you believe it. The intensest passion of love, the most loyal devotion, often burn in the worn-out body of an octogenarian, and the suffering loss of reciprocal affection can inflict on such a one, bereft of most of the occupations and kindly distractions of earlier life, is of an intense and vivid nature. Never have I seen yearning love more vital and potent than in the eyes and the voice of a very aged woman, as she stood on a certain pier waiting for a certain ship which was to bring back to her, after forty years, the son and daughter who had almost forgotten her in their race for wealth in the new country. "Stay, for God's sake, Miss, or I'll die for the joy," she whispered, as the ship yawned nearer and nearer. Then there was a wild shout, "Hol Mother," and four arms stretched over the bulwarks, and the small, old, Irish woman leaned very heavily against me, and her eyes closed. The joy of loving was great to her, but the joy of being loved was so far greater that her doughty old heart almost broke with it. And they talk of the selfishness of old age! If your old folk and mine be selfish, it may be quite our own fault. Tired of loving, being neglected, put aside, refused, they may have hardened their hearts on the outside, but I believe truly that a few loving words, a tender deference, a gentle consideration, would reveal a wealth of feeling and devotion which would surprise many a junior.

Did you ever watch the audience at an entertainment, and pick out the ones who were having a bad time? It is worse than a crime to take a certain sort of man or woman to a grand concert, and it's quite outrageous to enslave the unamused person into Shea's or some of the funny light opera performances. And yet, one sees again and again the bored woman yawning at Wagner, the desperate old gentleman acquiring a murderous expression as he pulls out his watch, the frivolous girls and boys giggling and writing notes, the patient young man burying his chin in his neck and bulging his shirt bosom, the fidgety person, his pathetic wife, who loves musing, and knows a book when he's bored, and lets his hat and rubbers fall in the softest passages. Oh, they are funny, when you get on to their ways and manners, those people who are having a bad time!

LADY GAY.

A Notable Banquet.

One of the most notable banquets annually held in the city of New York is unique. Though it is one of the most expensive dinners that the Waldorf-Astoria serves, and though it is attended by some of the most eminent professional men and some of the wealthiest financiers in the country, no wines are served, no cigars are smoked, and the only bottles found upon the table are those containing the pure and sparkling Apollinaris. Furthermore, the diners sit down promptly at 6.15 p.m., and the banquet is adjourned at 10 o'clock. It is one of the happiest, freest, jolliest banquets served in the city of New York, and it celebrates the work of an institution universally admired and respected. We refer to the banquet of the Y.M.C.A. At the twenty-fourth annual dinner, marking the thirty-ninth anniversary of the international committee of the association recently, the guests included Governor Utter, of Rhode Island; Lieutenant-Governor Bruce, of New York; General F. D. Grant, Rear-Admiral Coghlan, President Schenck, of the Mercantile National Bank, of New York City; Vice-President Cannon, of the Fourth National Bank; James Stokes, Morris K. Jesup, a number of college presidents and clergymen, and many gentlemen noted in the field of politics and in literary and artistic circles—"Leslie's Weekly," Nov. 30th, 1905.

Brady's Advice.

One of William A. Brady's sayings has become a theatrical byword. An experienced actor knows very well that, when he has nothing to do on the stage, the best thing for him is to do nothing; but crude actors think it necessary to invent "business" to fill in. A young woman in a company which Mr. Brady was rehearsing, carried her inventions to the point of distracting attention from the principals in the scene. After mildly discouraging her to no purpose, Mr. Brady lost patience, rose up and shouted: "Didn't I tell you to keep still? You're no diamond that has to sparkle all the time!" Many a fidgeting actor has since profited by the remark.

Magistrate—How comes it that you dared to break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night?

Prisoner—Why, your worship, the other time you reproached me for stealing in broad daylight. Ain't I to be allowed to work at all?—Scissors.

Speeding the Parting Guest.

"Val" is a French-Canadian giant, proprietor of the fishing privilege on several choice lakes, and of a hotel adjacent to them. He is a silent man, says a writer in the New York "Evening Post," and seldom speaks except to good purpose.

He sat one day behind the bar, rubbing a jointed rod, when his assistant entered, having in tow two new arrivals—extraordinary imitations of man, called "globe-trotters." Their monacles marked them as Britons. Val gave them not a glance. "Ah, my—er—my good fellow!" said one, stroking his drooping mustache.

"Good evening!" said Val, impassively. "Ah—you have—er—fishing round here?"

"We have."

"And—er—boats?"

"Yes."

"And—er—guides?"

"Yes."

"Then—er—my good fellow, you may—er—show us our rooms. We shall remain here for some time, if you show that you are—er—deserving."

Impassive still, the giant selected two keys, conducted the guests upstairs, came back, and resumed his task of polishing. Almost at once heavy boots came down the stairs, and one of the newcomers reappeared.

"Ah—er—my good fellow," he complained. "Really, don't ye know, I'm surprised. No water in the room. Have to treat us better than that, ye know!"

This time there was no doubt. Val raised his eyebrows. But his voice was quiet as he called a boy and ordered the water. It went up in blue-enamelled pitchers. Almost at once the tourist reappeared.

"Ah, my—er—good fellow," he said. "Haven't you a—er—a glass jug anywhere, fit for a gentleman to drink from?"

Then the impassive one spoke. "Say," he said, "you know dat train you tak to harrire here?"

"Certainly."

"She's come hup, hup, hup, all de time, ver' slow, is it not? Tak two lengins?"

"Tak long while to harrire here, is it not? Always hup, hup, hup?"

"Yes—er—quite an ascent."

"Ver' good. In de morning—six-feet—she's go down, down, down. Den she go fas' like blazes. I call you een time."

Val returned to his task of polishing his rods, and the tourist, after vainly puzzling for the key to Val's remarks, went upstairs to commune with his fellow traveler.

Her Money's Worth.

The story is told of a young married woman whose husband is always impressing upon her the importance, especially in written communications, of brevity and coherence. "Always keep to the matter in hand," the husband is fond of saying, with reference to the propensity of his wife to wander from the subject when she writes. Recently the young wife received from her husband, who was on his first trip away from her, a telegram reading:

"Are you all right? Answer, Blank Hotel, Chicago."

The youthful spouse, realizing that the situation called for an application of those principles of economy and directness of expression so frequently expounded by her husband, was hard put to it for a while. The husband's intended movements were to be such that she could not write him a letter, so it must be a telegram that should answer his question. After a few moments in agitated thought she evolved the following, neither exceeding nor falling below the ten words she could despatch for twenty-five cents:

"Yes, yes, yes, I am very well, indeed, thank you."

Discouraging Quest for Capital.

A certain bank manager is a friend and most unassuming benefactor of ambitious young men. He is sympathetic when listening to cases which merit encouragement, but can also dismiss an interviewer with admirable abruptness.

A youth on one occasion entered the banker's office and jovially announced that he intended going to college. He intimated that a little assistance in the matter of obtaining a scholarship would be a most convenient asset with which to start on his career.

"And to what profession do you aspire?" questioned the president, graciously.

"I won't give up," asserted the young man, boldly, "until I am privileged to place after my name the letters D.D., LL.D."

The banker turned in his chair and intimated that the interview was at an end by saying, tersely:

"A capital idea, sir, but one entirely beyond the resources of this bank."

A Helping Hand.

The following sublime paragraph is from one of the latest fashionable novels:

"With one hand he held her beautiful head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance!"—"Tit-Bits."

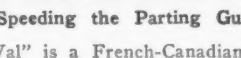
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Making Sure of It.

Riding to market a farmer took it into his head to pull up at an inn that was not his usual house of call. A serving maid was standing in the doorway. "Got any good ale, my lass?" he called out. "Aye, fust-class," was the reply. "Then fetch us a quart," commanded the farmer. The ale having been brought he swallowed it at one long draught without dismounting. After smacking his lips deliberately for some moments, "Fetch us another quart," said he. The girl brought him a second quart, which he despatched with the same celerity, still in the saddle. Then he handed the pot to the girl and swung himself to the ground. "Aye, it's not bad ale. I'll come in and have some," said he, walking into the inn.—"Tatler."

Mr. Dooley on the Magazines.

"Time was whin th' magazines was very cam'ing to th' mind. Th' idea ye got fr'm these publications was that life was wan glad, sweet song. Ye don't need to lock th' dure at night. Hang ye're watch on th' knob. Why do policemen carry clubs? Answer, to knock th' roses off th' thorny poles. But now, whin I pick me fav'rite magazine, what do I find? It's 'rithmetic has gone wrong. Th' wuruld is little better than a convicts' camp. Here ye ar're. Last edition. Just out. Full account iv th' Crimes of Incalculable. Did ye read 'Larsen' last month? Graft ivrywhere. 'Graft in th' Insurance Companies'; 'Graft in Congress'; 'Graft in Lithrachoor'; be Hinnerly James; 'Graft in Its Relations to th' Higher Life'; be Dock Eliot.—'Collier's Weekly.'"



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Should Canada Encourage Non-British Immigration?

THE latest issue of "Canada," the new weekly paper edited in Canada and published in England, contains an article by Mr. Beckles Willson on the much-discussed question of emigration. Mr. Willson deals with the subject from an Imperial standpoint, and proceeds to urge in the heightened language of current literature that the unsettled part of Canada should be peopled by men and women from Great Britain, and that pains should be taken to discourage non-British immigration in this country. He points out that the lowest scum of London is greatly superior to the Russians, Swedes, Donk-abors, etc., who are entering Canada in large numbers, and much more desirable as prospective citizens than any of the other British colonies than heterogeneous foreign elements.

Mr. Willson's article is being unfavorably commented upon by a number of Canadian papers, particular objection being taken to a paragraph in which he says: "The praters of new blood and increased population will, mayhaps, deride me when I tell them that a few weeks ago in Canada I shed tears at the squalor and mean-ness and vulgarity which I saw invading like a pestilential vapor the villages which I remembered calm and clean with the calmness and cleanness of England. I will proclaim it aloud from the housetops of London and the tree tops of Canada, that the commonest London loafer has more of decency in him, of suavity, of inherent reverence for order, of love of fair play, of humor, than the Sicilian, the Neapolitan, the Croatian, the Magyar, whom my friend Mr. Preston is so feverishly anxious to transfer in their lewdness and ignorance and surly speech to my native land. I met a man in North Bay who had formerly been a navvy in Upper Holloway. 'Lord love ye, governor,' he said to me, with some pathos, 'I had no idler Canadians were like this ere. I've tried 'ard to live with 'em and do my work decent, but they don't know 'ow to be 'ave—and that's the truth; not even the boss! Canadians! Instinctively, my heart went out to this man, as one of mine own people, however low in the social scale; but for his boss—a German-American mongrel—my co-workers from Italy and Poland I had nothing but revulsion.'"

The "Advertiser" of London, Ont., commenting on these utterances, says: "Mr. Willson is a Canadian by birth, but residence in England has a peculiar effect upon many 'colonials,' and he now looks at us through a monocle. This broken-hearted patriot," the "Advertiser" continues, "shedding tears over the defilement of the once idyllic villages of his native land reminds one of Mark Twain weeping at the tomb of Adam. Every Canadian knows that the picture drawn by Willson is false. It is true that Canada is receiving a stream of immigration from the continent of Europe, though it is small as compared with the inflow from Great Britain and the United States. But these continental immigrants, with few exceptions, are of an agricultural class, and become producers of wealth, and citizens with a stake in the country, soon after landing on Canadian shores. We prefer British immigrants of this class if we can get them; but we prefer the land-seekers from the continent of Europe, who are willing and know how to till the soil, to the London loafers whom Willson ranks above them."

The editor of "Canada" in referring to Mr. Willson's article says: "While admitting that he pleads his case with eloquence and obvious sincerity, we do not think that the exclusion of all classes of alien emigrants would be justifiable. The racial congeners of the Briton—Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Germans, and so forth—have a high ethical standard, are soon assimilated and absorbed, and make the best of citizens. It would be very unjust to exclude them." He adds that emigrants, however, should be carefully scrutinized, and points out that "Mr. Willson has started a most useful discussion, and we shall be glad to have expressions of opinion on a subject of equal importance to Canada and to the Mother Country."

"Canada" also interviewed a number of distinguished men on the subject, including Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Hon. T. A. Bracey, and Mr. H. Rider Haggard. Conan Doyle's opinion was, "The virile stock of Canada can absorb anything." The others, while naturally expressing a preference for a British-born population for Canada, did not strongly object to the foreign element.

It might be pointed out that Mr. Beckles Willson is scarcely consistent when he says: "It is untrue, as Dr. Barnado has incessantly pointed out, that fresh air, wholesome food and exercise, will not make strong men of weak children, and

that what is called the scum of the street is worthless for colonization." Can this apply only to British "scum"? His inconsistency goes still further: "The whole history of Australia, of New Zealand, nay, even of America itself, is a protest against this doctrine that a virile manhood cannot be reared out of the most unpromising materials." Can this argument hold in the case of British degenerates, and not by any means, in the case of foreign degenerates? We want as many good immigrants as we can get in Canada, and it is unnecessary to say that we favor British immigrants because they are of our own blood, and because they are the best. The foreign elements of our population have, so far, not caused us any serious pangs in the process of assimilation. Some care should be taken, however, to guard against the importation of really undesirable immigrants of any nationality. A little reciprocal advice might be offered to Mr. Beckles Willson and others interested in the emigration problem and other matters affecting the welfare of the "colonies." They would be doing a useful work in giving intending British emigrants to Canada an idea of what will be expected of them when they come here, so that they will learn to fit in as soon as may be with conditions in this young and democratic country. Canadians living in England, who express views on Dominion affairs would also be wise if in so doing they adopted a tone of voice which would prove that they are still familiar with the spirit of the Canadian people. H. W. J.

Anecdotal

A leading Kansan took his little son to Washington recently, and visited the Senate gallery with him. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale especially interested the boy. The father explained that Mr. Hale was the chaplain of the Senate. "Oh, he prays for the Senate, doesn't he?" asked the lad. "No," replied the father; "he gets up and takes a look at the Senate, and then prays for the country."

A Swede and an Irishman were out walking together when a storm came up. The rain fell violently. The tree for about fifteen minutes made a good refuge. Then it began to leak. The cold raindrops began to fall down the Irishman's neck, and he began to complain. "Oh, never mind," said the Swede; "there are plenty of trees. As soon as this one is wet through we'll go under another."

A lady and her little daughter were walking together when a storm came when they came to a portion of the street strewn with straw, so as to deaden the noise of vehicles passing a certain house. "What's that for, ma?" said the child; to which the mother replied: "The lady who lives in that house, my dear, has had a little baby girl sent her." The child thought a moment, looked at the quantity of straw, and said: "Awfully well packed, wasn't she, ma?"

Some visitors were being shown over a pauper lunatic asylum. They inquired of their conductor what method was employed to discover when the inmates were sufficiently recovered to leave. "We have a big trough of water," said the conductor, "and we turn on the tap. We leaves it running and tells 'em to bale out the water with pails until they've emptied the troughs." "How does that prove then?" asked one of the visitors. "Well," said the conductor, "them as ain't idiots turns off the tap."

In a little English village there once lived a boy who was opposed to be dull-witted, and the men of the village used to find great fun in offering him the choice between a threepennybit and a penny, of which he invariably chose the latter. A stranger one day saw him choose the penny rather than the threepennybit and asked him for the reason. "Is it because the penny is the biggest?" the stranger asked. "Now, not 'cause it is the biggest. If I took the threepennybit they'd gie o'er 'offin' it."

When the Honorable Artillery Company of London were being entertained by a club at the Revere House when they were in Boston, the commander of the Fall River Naval Reserves was tracing with great earnestness his ancestry and descent from a well-known family in England. A captain of the English company, who had been enjoying ever since he landed the hospitality of the Bostonians, gravely remarked, with a decided drawl, that his father was born in the Highlands and his mother just across the border, so he was half Scotch and the other half—But before he could say the remainder an official standing by "buted in" with "Sod!"

A certain prosy preacher recently gave an endless discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath, and continued: "Now I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention, the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor prophets and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?" At this point a tall man arose in the back

of the church. "Jeremiah can have my place," he said; "I'm going home."

Baron Bramwell once appeared for the crown in a case in Wales. The counsel for the defence asked permission, as the jury was Welsh, to address its members in their native tongue. As the case was simple, the baron made no objection. The Welsh barrister said only a few words. The baron also was brief, but he was somewhat surprised at a prompt verdict of acquittal. "What was it," he afterward inquired, "that Mr. L. said to the jury?" "Oh, he just said 'This case, gentlemen, lies in a nutshell. You see yourselves exactly how it stands. The judge is an Englishman, the prosecuting counsel is an Englishman, the complainant is an Englishman. But you are Welsh, and I am Welsh, and the prisoner is Welsh. Need I say more? I leave it all to you.'"

It was at a matinee. The curtain was rung up for the third time and the actress stepped forward and responded to the prolonged acclamation of her admiring audience. She spoke with a graceful modesty that charmed, then gathered her floral tributes. Was it the intense excitement or the blinding array of foot-lights that dazzled and confounded her? Quietly reposing on a lower box rail by the proscenium she saw a magnificent bunch of violets—her favorite flowers—ostensibly placed there for her by a sweet-faced, dark-haired lady behind them. With applause still ringing in her ears, the actress leaned forward and took the lovely bouquet, acknowledging the gift by a pretty bow. The sweet-faced, dark-haired lady reached after her with a strange and sudden haste. "Where are you going?" she cried hysterically, "that's my hat."

Sir Henry Irving once said: "What is the good of lawyers treating an honest and sensitive witness on the witness-stand as though he were a sneak-thief? A young man in my company was a witness in a case of robbery. He had seen a thief snatch a young girl's pocket-book and make off. Well, the thief's lawyer cross-examined my young friend shamefully. He roared at him, shook his fist at him, raved at him. 'And at what hour did all this happen?' the lawyer, sneering, asked toward the end of his examination. 'I think—my friend began, but he was at once interrupted. 'We don't care anything here about what you think' said the lawyer with a snort of contempt. 'Don't you want to hear what I think?' said my young friend, mildly. 'Certainly not,' the lawyer roared. 'Then,' said my friend, 'I may as well step down from the box. I'm not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking.'"

"Scuse dis Mis'able Writin'."

There is a lawyer in Atlanta who formerly had in his employ a colored boy by the name of Sam. One day Sam sought out his employer in his study, and, after some circumlocution, stated that he desired the lawyer to see to a "pertickler" business for him. "You see, suh," said he, hesitatingly, "Ise got a gal in Alybammer dat I wants you to write a letter to."

"Oh, you want me to write your letters for you, eh?" asked the lawyer, with a smile. "And what is to be the subject of your epistle?" The lawyer put to Sam some further interrogatories, such as, "Do you want to marry her? Does she love you?" etc., etc. to all of which questions Sam gave a decided "Suttinly, suh!" The lawyer proceeded with some care to compose the letter, which, when finished, he submitted for Sam's approval.

"I know you'll excuse me, suh," said the darky, scratching his head, "ef I offer a suggestion—some po'try like this: 'De rose am red, 'An' de violet blue; De pink am pretty, 'An' so is you.'"

Without a smile, the lawyer inserted the poetic sentiment desired, and then asked if that were all. After another pause, while Sam again scratched his head by way of reflection, he added: "I think, suh, dat dere's one mo' thing dat oughter go in, an' dat is: 'I hopes dat you'll please 'scuse dis pore, mis'able writin' an' de bad spellin'." "Success."

Sorting the Sheep from the Goats.

The son of the late William Fitz, the painter, tells a story that occurred when he was abroad, in army life, which well shows the tenacity of the Scot for his religion, and his attitude toward other religions. Services were to be held in several tents, and a Scotch officer was dividing the sheep from the goats in this manner: "Presbyterians step this way—Catholic and fancy religions—to the left." "Success."

Comparative Illness.

Sir William Mulock took a \$10,000 job and Beattie Nesbitt a \$6,000 job because of ill-health. Which shows that Beattie Nesbitt is not near so sick a man as Sir William was—not by \$4,000—Kincaidine "Review."

"The Modern Reader's Bible."

Shortly after little Margaret, aged four, had been taken to see "Peter Pan" in which Maude Adams plays the title role, her six-year-old brother undertook to tell her the story of the creation. "And then Margaret," said he, "after the Lord had made all the rest of the things, He made a man and called him Adam, and by and by Adam got tired of being all alone, and the Lord took one of Adam's ribs from him when he was asleep and made a wife for him as a surprise, and her name was—"

HOW HENRY JAMES RELATES WHAT HE SAW FROM A BOAT.

HENRY JAMES, the apostle of esoteric culture, had occasion not long ago to travel to Boston from Washington and, wishing to avoid the delay and trouble incident to stopping over and changing cars at New York city, he rode on the Boston special of the Pennsylvania road, which is ferried from Newark on the Jersey shore up the East river to a point in Harlem on the tracks of the New York, New Haven & Hartford line. The ferry-boat carrying the train passes along the waterfront of the city, and affords an interesting, comprehensive view of the metropolis.

This little journey is made every day by a large number of people and is eloquently described in the advertising matter issued by the railroad company, but no writer ever phrased his impressions of the experience as Henry James does.

"The single impression or particular vision," writes Mr. James in February Harper's Monthly, "most answering to the greatness of the subject would have been, I think, a certain hour of large circumnavigation that I found prescribed, in the fulness of the spring, as the almost immediate crown of a return from the Far West. I had arrived at one of the transcontinental stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad; the question was of proceeding to Boston, for the occasion, without pushing through the terrible town—why 'terrible' to my sense, in many ways, I shall presently explain—and the easy and agreeable attainment of this great advantage was to embark on one of the mightiest (as appeared to me) of train-bearing barges and, descending the Western waters, pass round the bottom of the city and remount the other current to Harlem; all without 'losing touch' of the Pullman that had brought me from Washington. This absence of the need of losing touch, this breadth of effect, as to the whole process, involved in the prompt floating of the huge concatenated cars not only without arrest or confusion, but as for positive prodigious bequest of the artless traveler, had doubtless much to say to the ensuing state of mind, the happily excited and amused view of the great face of New York. The extent, the ease, the energy, the quantity and number, all notes scattered about as if, in the whole business and in the splendid light, nature and science were joyously romping together, might have been taking on again, for their symbol, some collective presence of great circling and plunging, hovering and perching seabirds, white-winged images of the spirit, of the restless freedom of the Bay."

So, for nearly seven pages of the magazine, Mr. James elaborates his narrative, taking infinite pains never to fall into the vulgar speech of common men, such as Shakespeare wrote, and always veiling his thought from the simple mob by obscure ellipses. If these be good writing, if this be not very vicious writing, then the darky who misses polysyllabic words speaks better English than Bunyan or Defoe wrote.—San Francisco "Bulletin."

Practical Politics.

A practical politician of the first water came to light in a small Indiana town not long ago. In this town there is an officer, designated as Inspector of Streets and Roadways, who receives the munificent salary of \$250 per year. As the opposing political parties are very nearly balanced in this town, there is keen opposition, so that when this office became vacant and the authorities ordered an election to fill it, there was a lively campaign for this small plum, no other elections being near. The Democratic candidate was a rather shrewd old fellow by the name of Ezekiel Hicks, and it looked as though he would be successful, as a neat little sum had been subscribed and turned over to him as a campaign fund. To the astonishment of everybody, however, he was defeated.

"I can't account for it," one of the Democratic leaders said, gloomily. "With that money we should have won. How did you lay it out, Ezekiel?" "Hum," Ezekiel said, slowly, pulling his whisker. "Yer see, that office only pays \$250 a year salary, an' I didn't see no sense in payin' \$900 out to get the office, so I jest bought me a little truck-farm instead."—"Harper's Weekly."

The Tricks of Sovereigns.

It is said that every man has some little trick or other which he performs unconsciously, especially when he is thinking. The sovereigns of Europe have all their own peculiar habits. For example, King Edward has a way of passing his finger backwards and forwards under his chin; the German Emperor twirls his moustache with energy, while the King of Italy strokes his gently and affectionately; the Emperor of Austria combs out his whiskers, and the Czar frequently passes his hand over the top of his head. Lastly, the retiring President of France, M. Loubet, has a trick of shrugging his right shoulder, and at the same time smoothing the front of his coat with his right hand.

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THE Mendelssohn Choir Music Festival had a most brilliant and auspicious inauguration at Massey Hall on Monday evening, when the vast auditorium was completely filled by a representative audience of enthusiastic music-lovers. The history of the choir has been a record of progressive and uninterrupted successes, and apparently the limit of development has not yet been reached, every concert showing an advance in artistic work on its predecessor. Mr. Vogt has accomplished such wonders with our local vocal talent, that it would be hazardous to predict from Monday night's achievement that thus far and no further can he go. The choir, which numbers about two hundred and eight voices, seems to be about as perfect an organization for the interpretation of choral music as one could expect to maintain in any city, no matter how musically advanced. The members have exceptionally fine voices, and constitute the very pick and cream of the amateur choir singers of Toronto. With such material Mr. Vogt has been enabled to create a chorus that is not only responsive to his directions, but is able in the broad, technical sense to realize his high ideal of what choral singing should be. The demonstration of Mr. Vogt's genius as a director and the glory of the choir were most manifest on Monday in the fact that they in a measure sang with the flexibility, the variety of tone, the range of shading and the precision of attack and execution that one gets from a great orchestra. In a word, there was orchestral coloring in their music, and I need only refer to their superb rendering of Gounod's motette, "By Babylon's Wave," in illustration of the fact. In dynamics, in accent, in rhythm, in volume of tone they were specially eminent. And behind it all there was the emotional expression, something which one cannot exactly define in relation to its production, but which must be taken as the reflection, nay the realization of the conductor's musical temperament, his artistic appreciation, and his sensitive feeling and view of proportion. One need only cite the infinite sadness, the touching lament of the opening movement of the motette and then, by way of contrast, point to the wondrous dramatic power, the elemental force with which the finale "Woe Unto Thee" was declaimed, all expressed in such reproachable quality, sounds that were robust and beautiful even when most strenuous. One cannot mention the great range of nuances which the choir control, the shading between pianissimo and fortissimo were so numerous. In the other unaccompanied numbers, Tchaikovsky's "How Blest Are They" and "Christ When a Child," Palestrina's motette, "Adoramus," all beautiful examples of devotional music. Peter Cornelius' "The Hero's Rest," for baritone solo and chorus, the exquisite, hushed, subdued singing in which the Mendelssohn excel, was once more a triumph of achievement in ethereal quality and preservation of truth of intonation in the harmony. The parts were well balanced, notwithstanding the special strength and distinction of the sopranos. One is set wondering whether Mr. Vogt will be able to find a more splendid group of treble singers. The combined numbers with the Pittsburgh Orchestra were the dramatic cantata by Grieg, "Olaf Trygvasson" and the "Dance," from Elgar's "Bavarian Highlands." The seizing attraction of frank tone, and well defined dance rhythm was illustrated in the immense enthusiasm which the Elgar number created, which the choir itself in a tumultuous demand for a repeat that could not be denied. Elgar's number, however, is good music—it has character, color and swing, without vulgarity. The orchestration shows a master hand. The Grieg cantata is a most vividly dramatic composition, in which the resources of the modern orchestra are utilized with rare sense of power and contrast, and in which the comments of the chorus are vividly treated, while the solo parts for contralto and baritone are utterances full of mysticism and impassioned appeal. Both choir and orchestra rendered the work with splendid effect. The singing of Mme. Isabelle Bouton in the contralto part was a most agreeable surprise. She at once won a favorable verdict by the dramatic fervor of her singing, and the charm of a carrying, warm-colored mezzo-soprano voice. The baritone was Mr. Witherpoon, a not infrequent visitor here, who sang both in the Grieg and the Cornelius number with conscientious care and with clear oratorical delivery of the words.

The Pittsburgh Orchestra never before so completely won the critical verdict of local musicians as on this occasion. The personality of their conductor, his magnetism and his musical gifts, seem to have worked a great transformation, for the orchestra not only play with more seriousness, with a greater sense of responsibility, and consequently with a more interest-compelling rendering of their music, but they have improved in technical finish and in beauty of tone in both strings and wind. Something of this may be due to the admittance of new material, but the main credit must be given to Mr. Paur. They gave an impressive interpretation of Beethoven's heroic overture, "Coriolanus," but the great artistic achievement of the evening was their rendering of the Prelude and Gloria from "Parsifal," a performance so searching in its significance of expression that it offered an eloquent tribute to Mr. Paur's inspiration in reading and in grasping the spirit of this apotheosis of religious symbolism and adoration. No performance of the prelude that has spoken so clearly to the hearer of the suffering of the Redeemer, of the exaltation

of faith has never before been given in Toronto. The transcription of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody," No. 2, was a fine exhibition of the technique of the orchestra and of its responsiveness to the ideas of the conductor. In its reading it became almost new, so fresh and spontaneous were the licenses of movement, accent and phrasing impulsively taken by the conductor, and which this species of composition legitimately allows. This number made a complete conquest of the audience, and Mr. Paur, on being pressed for an encore, responded with Moszkowski's attractive "Serenade."

The glorious culmination of the week's concerts was on Wednesday evening, when Beethoven's masterpiece, the Ninth or Choral Symphony, received its first production in Toronto. The rendering of this stupendous and sublime composition by the Pittsburgh Orchestra and the Mendelssohn Choir, as directed by Emil Paur, was truly magnificent, not only as a technical achievement, but as an enthusiastic, reverent and inspired reading. Mr. Paur himself was so transported with the singing of the choir in the "Joy" finale that he exclaimed that he would cherish the performance as one of the most memorable events in his life. I have neither time nor space at command at this end of the week to go into details, but first and foremost must pay my profound tribute of admiration to the mastery in which Mr. Paur revealed the beauty, the impressiveness and the design of the work through his reading of the score, to his remarkable achievement in conducting without reference to the score; to the splendid, perhaps unequalled, merits of the singing of the choir and the superb playing of the orchestra; to the mastery and thorough manner in which Mr. Vogt had drilled his choir for the last movement. Nothing but love and enthusiasm for the music on the part of all participating could have produced so convincing a result, even granting the exceptional excellence of the material employed. Mendelssohn has left it on record that the end of the last movement of this symphony surpasses in "go" everything in the world, and it is not hyperbolic praise to say that Mendelssohn may have imagined such a performance as that under notice. Perhaps it is idle to talk about the feat of the sopranos in maintaining their upper A for twelve whole measures with purity of tone and integrity of intonation; about the wonderful execution of the exacting passages for the wind instruments, for example, the semi-quaver scale in C flat for the horn; the brilliancy and surety of the strings, of the fine quality of the male section of the chorus and the glory of the sopranos. It is sufficient to say in brief that the symphony was performed so as to make it a musical revelation. The quartette of solo singers, consisting of Mme. Rider-Kelcey, Mme. Isabelle Bouton, Mr. Van York and Mr. Witherpoon, sang their trying music with appropriate distinction of voice and expression.

The notice in one of the morning papers would lead the reader to believe that the Symphony as a whole has never been produced in old London. This is, of course, nonsense. I have myself heard the choral finale in London, and we have the record of the late Sir George Grove that the complete work had been given twenty-five times between 1805 and 1808 at the Crystal Palace alone. In addition to the Choral Symphony the programme for the evening contained Mendelssohn's dramatic cantata, "The First Walpurgis Night," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, which received a fine performance under the conductorship of Mr. Vogt, and the unaccompanied numbers for the choir, Tchaikovsky's "Cherubim Song" and as an encore, "Scots Wha Hae." The "Cherubim Song" tied the supreme distinction of the choir in pure, lovely singing, to perfection; while the Scotch air was an irresistibly stirring expression of virile patriotism.

This (Saturday) afternoon the orchestra will give a special matinee, at which Tchaikovsky's Symphony in E minor will be one of the features, and the festival will close with a combined concert to-night, on which occasion a programme will be presented adapted to suit tastes of various kinds.

The Trinity College Glee Club concert, which will be given in Convocation Hall on Tuesday next at 8.15 p.m., will be of great interest to music-lovers. The club consider themselves very fortunate in having secured Mr. Francis Coombs as conductor. Mr. Coombs has had much success in training men's voices, having himself been trained by Dr. Varley Roberts of Magdalen College, Oxford. The beautiful part-songs which have been prepared are of a distinctly more musical order than the kind of music one generally associates with college glee clubs, being the work of such composers as Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Henry Bishop and Franz Abt. The club is to be congratulated on having secured for its concert the services of Mr. H. M. Field, Miss Helen Davies, the soprano soloist at the National Chorus concert, and Miss Kate Archer, the popular violinist. These three names alone are sufficient to arouse the interest of all who take advantage of the many musical opportunities offered in Toronto. Altogether this concert will be a fine wind-up to all the excellent entertainments of a musical nature which Torontonians have enjoyed this season.

The Toronto Ladies' Trio, Miss Lina Adamson, violinist; Miss Lois Winlow, cellist, and Miss Eugenie Quéhen, pianist, announce their annual concert for March 3, in the Conservatory Music Hall. They will be assisted by Mr. R. S. Pigott, who will give for the first time in Canada, a reading of Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," with trio accompaniment by Amy E. Horrocks.

The very gifted young pianist, Miss Abbie May Helmer, gave a recital in Loretto Abbey on Friday afternoon last, and played with more than her accustomed power, brilliance, and temperamental charm. Her programme contained the following pieces: Ballade in G minor, two études, and a Prelude, by Chopin; Intermezzo in Octaves, Leschetizky; Toccata, Schumann; "Liebestod," Wagner-Liszt; "By the Sea," W. O. Forsyth, and the Schubert-Tausig Marche Militaire. Enthusiasm of an animated character was shown by recalls, applause unstinted, beautiful gifts of flowers, etc., by the sisters, pupils and friends of the Abbey, who assembled to hear the splendid playing of this admirable young artist.

A large number of candidates presented themselves at the Mid-winter examinations of the Conservatory of Music, on January 30, January 31, and February 1, of whom the following were successful:

At his music hall, 97 Yonge street, Mr. Gerhard Heintzman gave a very fine concert on Monday last, the proceeds of which went to the benefit of the German Lutheran Church of this city. A programme of well chosen numbers, twelve in all, was excellently rendered by the following artists: Mrs. O'Sullivan, Misses Adamson, Winlow, Quéhen, Lozier, Hornsby, Smilie, Cornelia Heintzman, and Story; Messrs. Pigott, Cairns and Sherris. The large hall was filled to its full seating capacity by the members of the German Lutheran congregation and their German and English friends.

The recital given by pupils of Mr. Frank C. Smith on Thursday evening of last week at the hall of the R. S. Williams & Sons Co. drew a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme was too long to permit of individual mention, but the work throughout was remarkable for good intonation, and the more advanced pupils played with fine breadth of tone, artistic phrasing and technical skill. A pleasing feature of the programme was the "Pizzicatti," by Debussy, played by twelve violins in unison. Also the Adagio and Minuet from the violin quartette by Gangler, played by four of the youngest pupils, was a performance worthy of special mention.

In the hall of the Toronto College of Music, on Thursday evening, February 8th, Miss Dollie Blair, a most talented pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington, gave a piano recital before a large and appreciative audience. Miss Blair is gifted with a remarkable memory, and played her entire programme without the aid of her notes. Her numbers were arranged in the form of a gradual crescendo, covering almost every phase of technical requirement and the climax was reached in the overture to "Tannhauser." Executive ability, combined with a sympathetic interpretation of the composer, and also a remarkable memory, were the chief features of Miss Blair's playing. Miss Alvena Springer of Guelph was the vocalist of the evening. Miss Springer has an attractive soprano voice, and was heard in "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saens, and "With Verdure Clad." Creation, Haydn. Miss Blair was also assisted by Miss Gertrude Pless, School of Expression, who delivered fine readings, "In Sunflower Time," Jean Biewett; "Youth and Art," Browning, and "L'Envoi," Kipling, were a feature of the evening. Following are Miss Blair's numbers: Chopin, Sonata B flat minor; Verdi-Liszt, "Rigoletto"; Schubert-Liszt, "The Erl-King"; Chopin, (a) Prelude A flat, (b) Prelude D flat, (c) Prelude E flat minor; Chopin, Ballade in A flat; Wieniawski, Valse de Concert, Op. 1, No. 3; Wagner-Liszt, Overture to "Tannhauser."

Mr. J. M. Sherlock was the principal soloist at a recent concert in the Opera House, Brockville, and, according to the local papers, appears to have added to his reputation in that place. The "Recorder" speaks in unstinted terms of praise of his fine singing and concludes by saying that "To hear him sing 'Oft in the Still Night,' by that famous Irish bard, Tom Moore, was alone a treat worth traveling miles to enjoy."

The next organ recital of the series in the Central Methodist Church, Bloor street, will be given next Saturday afternoon, February 18th, by Mr. Arthur Blakeley of the Sherbourne street Church, with the assistance of the Boys' Trio. In Orangeville, Alliston and Milton last week Mr. Blakeley was in each case greeted with an audience which taxed the capacity of the church. He remarks

upon the very gratifying advance in musical taste which is taking place throughout the country, as evidenced by the appreciation shown the better class of selection.

For some time past Dr. F. H. Torrington, organist and choir-master at the Metropolitan Church, has been in receipt of letters from all parts of

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THE TORONTO LADIES' TRIO. Miss Lina Adamson, violinist; Miss Lois Winlow, cellist, and Miss Eugenie Quéhen, pianist, announce their annual concert for March 3, in the Conservatory Music Hall. They will be assisted by Mr. R. S. Pigott, who will give for the first time in Canada, a reading of Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," with trio accompaniment by Amy E. Horrocks.

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Society at the Capital.

TWO much fêted guests in the Capital recently were Miss Mary Brydges of Winnipeg, who has been staying with that most charming of hostesses, Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, at Rideau cottage; and Miss Eileen Hingston, who came up from Montreal early in the week, and will be with Mrs. Fitzpatrick until Tuesday, the 13th, when she expects to return to Montreal. Mrs. Hanbury-Williams invited a few young people to meet Miss Brydges at the tea hour, last Tuesday, when Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Alix Beaulieu, Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Miss Lola Powell, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss MacLeod Clark, Miss May Griffin and the Misses Kingsford enjoyed a very pleasant chat over the teacups with the popular visitor from Winnipeg. A bright little dinner party at Rideau cottage followed on Wednesday, when covers were laid for fourteen guests, including Miss Kirchhoff, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss MacLeod Clark, Miss Helen Anderson, Captain Newton, A.D.C., Captain Macdonald, Mr. John Christie, Major H. A. O'Brien, Mr. Appleton, and Mr. John Thompson.

The residence of Hon. Charles and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in Wurtemberg street, was the goal to which all the young people of the Capital found their way on Tuesday afternoon, when a large tea for Miss Eileen Hingston was on the programme of gay events for the week, and like all Mrs. Fitzpatrick's entertainments, this one was particularly bright and enjoyable.

Miss Hingston was also Miss LeMoine's guest of honor at a more than usually bright and recherche luncheon at the Golf Club House, on Wednesday, her guests including Lady Sybil Grey, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mrs. Gerald Boulton, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Ethel Chadwick, and Miss Pauline LeMoine. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Scott also entertained at a dinner party of young people for Miss Hingston on Thursday, and on Friday Mrs. John Gray and Miss Mary Gray of Slater street gave a treat in her honor.

There were even more than the ordinary number of luncheons during the week, in fact, they quite outnumbered all other functions. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, all seem to have been popular days for entertaining in this manner, and on the first named day, Mrs. Percy Sherwood was the hostess at a bright little party of twelve, given for Miss Daisy Watson of Hamilton, who is spending a short time with Miss Ruth Sherwood. Her guests were: Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Alix Beaulieu, Miss Helen Anderson and her guests, the Misses MacLennan and Miss Olmsted, Miss Marjorie Powell, and Miss Alice Bell.

Mrs. Charles A. E. Harris was another luncheon hostess who selected Wednesday, when a party of about fourteen married ladies enjoyed a most dainty and social repast at Earncliffe. Mrs. George Bryson's luncheon on the same day—the fourth of a series she has been giving recently—was in honor of Mrs. Howard Chandler of Toronto, and a table charmingly decorated with gorgeous American Beauty roses testified to the artistic taste of the hostess. On Thursday, luncheons were still the "order of the day," and among the number of select little parties was one at the Golf Club, given by Miss Carrie MacLaren to a number of girl friends, the special guest being Miss Frankie Geddes, whose wedding is to take place on St. Valentine's Day. Mrs. R. L. Borden invited the seemingly popular number of twelve guests for luncheon on Thursday, also, when the table was daintily decorated with pink and white tulips.

One of the smartest of the week's luncheons, was Mrs. George H. Perley's on Friday, when the table was a perfect vision of spring, with profusions of daffodils and lilies of the valley, and the guests included, Mrs. Justice MacLennan, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. W. G. Perley, Mrs. T. C. Bate, Mrs. George Murphy, Mrs. J. Franklyn Kidd and Mrs. P. D. Ross.

After a long period of "drought"—so to speak—in the dancing line, Mrs. W. J. Anderson's ball on Wednesday, the 7th, was "welcome as flowers in May," to the younger members of society, and just as thoroughly enjoyed. The decorations throughout the house were carried out in yellow, daffodils abounding everywhere, and soft yellow shades were used in the handsome, old silver candelabra. Cozy sitting-rooms for tired dancers were luxuriously and temptingly arranged, and supper was served downstairs in the bank, which was also brightly decorated with quantities of daffodils, cosy little quartette tables being provided. Mrs. Anderson looked regally handsome in a gown of black point d'esprit, with diamond ornaments, and carried a beautiful sheaf of American Beauties, from which hung streamers of the bank colors, the staff of the bank having presented the flowers to Mrs. Anderson, who is a prime favorite among them. Miss Anderson wore a gown of deep yellow brocade, and Miss Helen Anderson was becomingly attired in white Limerick lace over white silk, with gold girdle. Government House was represented by a party, including Lady Victoria Grenfell, who was gowned in a robe of black sequined net, with diamond ornaments; Lady Alix Beaulieu, in white satin and lace; Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, also in black with diamond ornaments; besides Colonel Hanbury-Williams, Captains Trotter and Newton, A. D. C.'s, and Lord Inglestre. Mrs. Anderson's house-party was added to by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Angus of Montreal, the Misses Betty and Patty MacLennan of Montreal, and Miss Olmsted of Boston. **THE CHAPERONE.** Ottawa, Feb. 12, 1906.

Progress of Half a Century

Annual Meeting of Heintzman & Co., Limited, Canada's Big Piano Manufacturers.—Most Successful Year in the Long History of this Canadian Firm.—Presentation of Address to Mr. Geo. C. Heintzman, President of the Company.—An Interesting Story of Canadian Commerce.

Canada is yet a young country—in some respects just beginning to feel her feet—and yet old enough to find among her commercial kings those with the successful record of fifty years behind them.

This fact finds illustration in an event of the past week, when the annual meeting of the old firm of Heintzman & Co., Limited, 115-117 King street West, Toronto, was held.

It is more than fifty years since this firm commenced the manufacture of pianos. Curiously interesting facts are brought out in the story of this half century.

It required nineteen years to manufacture the first thousand pianos bearing the name of Heintzman & Co. The growing popularity of this famous Canadian instrument is in evidence in the contrasting fact that during the year just closed—in a space of twelve months—2,140 of these famous pianos, the most costly piano in Canada, were made and sold. Testimony like this places beyond question, surely, the high character of this well-known, made-in-Canada instrument. Fame in the commercial world only becomes enduring when the foundations are solidly built, and genuine merit exists. This is the success of the Heintzman & Co. piano during these fifty years.

The report to the directors of the company at this last annual meeting showed that the year had been one of phenomenal success—the greatest by all odds in the history of the firm.

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE FIRM.

On the evening of the day of the annual meeting, the members of the company, including Mr. Geo. C. Heintzman, president, Mr. Herman Heintzman, vice-president, Mr. Wm. Heintzman, inspector of factories, and the heads of the various departments, sat down to dinner at the King Edward Hotel.

Few houses can tell of more loyal associates in their business than can Heintzman & Co. In this day of change and labor troubles, it says volumes for a business that can point, as can this firm, to a score and more employees who have been with the one firm for from twenty to thirty-five years.

Around the festive board at the King Edward sat Mr. Wm. Ray, secretary-treasurer, who has been with the house for upwards of twenty-five years, and who occupied the chair. Along with him was Mr. Thos. H. Egan, superintendent of the factory, thirty-five years with the firm. Others included Mr. Joe Churchill, twenty-seven years with Heintzman & Co.; A. J. Linton, twenty-four years; Geo. Dettman, thirty years; I. Bulger, thirty years; W. H. Freeman, twenty-two years; Geo. Grundler, twenty-five years; J. R. Finlay, twenty-six years; E. Spacey, twenty-two years; A. Ramsperger, twenty-three years; C. Woodburn, twenty-three years; A. Hartman, twenty-three years.

PRESENTATION TO MR. GEO. C. HEINTZMAN.

The feelings of the large staff of employees of Heintzman & Co. to their president, Mr. Geo. C. Heintzman, is eloquently displayed in an event of this annual dinner.

The latest production of Heintzman & Co. is their quarter grand piano. To the business aggressiveness, untiring industry, high mechanical skill, and musicianly talents of Mr. Geo. C. Heintzman, is due this newest and most important addition to the list of this house. Occasion was taken of the annual meeting to mark this event by the presentation to Mr. Heintzman of the following address, beautifully engrossed and framed, and which reads:

To Geo. C. Heintzman, Esq.,
President, Heintzman & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dear Sir:—

We the undersigned comprising all managers of departments and foremen of the firm of Heintzman & Co., Limited, each being a practical piano man, whose experience extends from twenty to thirty-three years and representing the employees of said firm, desire to tender you our congratulations upon your latest and greatest achievement, namely the successful completion of the Heintzman & Co., quarter grand piano. The first successful piano was made in 1709, and from that day to the present, inventors have striven after great ideals in the art of piano building.

The history of their lives tells of self denial and patient investigation; of daring, of toil, of hope, alternating with despair and their goal, not the accumulation of wealth, but because of their love of art. They have sought to produce an instrument by means of which the very souls of the great composers might be interpreted.



Heintzman & Co. Quarter-Grand Piano.

You, sir, although only yet in the prime of life, have long been widely known as one possessing genius in a marked degree as an inventor of improvements in the modern pianoforte. Actuated by the love of art, and possessing that enthusiasm which allows of no rest till the object sought is obtained, you have completed a grand piano, representing the very highest pinnacle of artistic success. It excites alike the wonder and the admiration of every musician who has seen and examined it. In size only five feet eight inches, it is indeed a dainty production, at the same time it is capable of a tonal result equal, if indeed not superior to the present boudoir or a concert grand. This wonderful tone so sweet and true, its great singing quality, its responsive touch, and with all this, its beautiful lines and chaste design, place it in a niche secure to itself and above and beyond anything that has yet been produced in the world of artistic piano production.

Here we have an instrument wherewith the artist can reproduce the very thoughts and feelings, the souls' desires, of the great composers; an instrument which when used by an artist seems to possess a soul, and elevates the listener to a higher plane that savors of the spiritual rather than the temporal.

It is our earnest hope that you may be spared for many years to wisely direct the destinies of the distinguished firm of which you are the honored head, and to produce other improvements in the pianoforte of to-day. Yet, Sir, whatever the future may contain, your name will go down to posterity illumined with the bright halo of success, and future generations will mention your name with veneration and gratitude because of the benefits you have conferred on the world of music by your improvements of the pianoforte of your day.

Again expressing the hope that your life may be a long, a happy and a prosperous one, and extending the same good wishes to all the members of your family.

We have the honor to be, dear Sir, Your appreciative employees,
Wm. Ray, T. H. Egan, Chas. A. Bender, A. J. Linton, Geo. J. Grundler, J. R. Finlay, C. Woodburn, H. Gilbert, E. Spacey, A. Hartman, Geo. Dettman, W. H. Freeman, A. Ramsperger, J. Churchill.

Mr. Heintzman was completely taken by surprise at this turn in the social features of the evening. His speech was not a lengthy one, but it was expressive of the deep feelings that he entertained in being surrounded in his business with a staff of men so loyal, considerate, kindly and able. The reply was eloquent in the things left unsaid even more than in those that were said.

The engrossed address to-day finds a prominent place above the desk in the private office of the president of Heintzman & Co., and will for years to come, be suggestive of one of the most important and successful annual meetings that has come to this long-established firm of Canadian manufacturers.

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The fact of a growing market for all kinds of country produce is encouragement for farmers to plant better crops, and the certainty of good prices is argument enough for buying the best seeds. The saving of a few cents at planting time may cost you many dollars next fall, and those who ought to know, insist that

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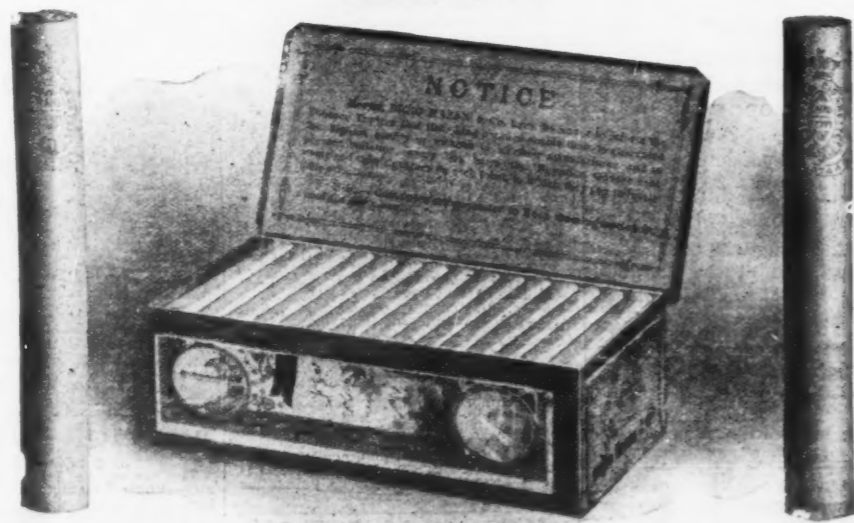
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Agents wanted for the North-West. D. Campbell MacIver, Toronto.

Canada and the United States, from visitors to the city who have attended service in the church, and all speak of their high appreciation of the musical service of the church and the singing of the choir, which is in a most efficient state. The music used is an incentive to good singers to enter the choir, and applications are being received every week from many who desire to join. Last Sunday there were 84 members present. The organ volunteers are also highly

appreciated, and nearly every Sunday many remain to listen to the beautiful instrument.

Last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music, pupils of the west end branch gave a recital which was much enjoyed. The following students took part: Rennie Keith, Beatrice Spencer, Ruth Fairbrother, Dora Stutchbury, Marjorie Mannerling, Luella Wandle, Myrtle Nelson, Gladys Cheadle, Florence Robertson,

Hattie Crocker, Rene Blake, Laura Chisholm, Mrs. Carter and Maud Dowseley. The teachers represented were Miss Edith Cadenhead, Miss Ethel M. Robinson, Miss Constance Veitch, Miss Alice Mansfield, Mrs. Howson and Charles E. Eggett.

CHERUBINO.

"What makes Jimkins smell so petrol?" "He sprinkles it on his clothes so as to give the impression that he has been motoring!"



SPORTING COMMENT

LAST week's hockey was the most interesting of the season in O. H. A. circles. The leadership in the two senior groups was decided, and several semi-final games were played in the intermediate and junior series. The victory of the Argonauts at Barrie, last Friday, was not a surprise to Toronto enthusiasts. The team had developed such strength and shown such consistent good work, that anything but victory was out of the question. The score, 4-2, was not very large, but the margin of two points was quite sufficient to demonstrate the all-round superiority of the Toronto team. They deserve much credit for the energy they put into their practice, and the game way in which they have struggled against the disadvantage they incurred through their defeat by Collingwood in the early part of the season.

The game between Berlin and Stratford, last Monday, gave Berlin a clear lead in group No. 2, and the great topic for consideration now is the final games next week with the Argonauts. Both teams have remarkably strong defenses, and in neither game, whether here or at Berlin, should the score assume large proportions. There is every prospect of the closest and most exciting finish that has been seen in the O. H. A. for years. The final games in which the Marlboroughs figured were never of particular interest, owing to the inferiority of the outside teams. Berlin and Argonauts, however, appear to be evenly matched on the forward line as well as on the defence, and it is in every degree probable that the team which can best stand all the hard knocks and accidents of a championship contest, will win out.

The Rowe case promises to become as celebrated as the McMillan case at Belleville, some years ago. It is difficult to understand why there should be so much mystery, legal quibbling and evasion in a plain matter of fact. The charge against Rowe was that he played in Houghton for three seasons against professional teams. Surely, the offence is apparent enough to admit of easy proof or denial. Charges of receiving money from so-called amateur clubs are always exceedingly difficult to prove, because the facts are known by only a few people, who are very reluctant to reveal them. If Rowe, however, played with a professional team, the fact would be known by thousands of spectators who saw him play. If the O. H. A. Executive made any mistake in the matter, it was by throwing the onus of disproof upon Rowe and summoning him for trial before a more or less arbitrary committee. It would have been wiser to have secured conclusive evidence before taking up the case at all. In law, it is the duty of the prosecution to establish the guilt of the accused, not of the accused to prove his innocence. It was by violating this rule that the Executive involved themselves in a legal tangle. Of course, the easier and not unjust way was to request Rowe to deny or confess to the charges. The securing of evidence would have taken several days, and in that time, the Barrie-Argonaut game would have been over, and the Barrie Club would have had the benefit of Rowe's possibly illegal services. The Executive were between the horns of a dilemma, and whether they acted promptly or delayed action, they could not help doing a seeming injustice to one party or the other. When the case is settled, it will probably be found that the O. H. A. was right in its motives, although a little injudicious in its methods.

Some people ask the questions, "Why did the O. H. A. take a month and a half to find out that there was anything the matter with Rowe, and why do they not proceed with equal severity against other offenders?" These are much discussed points, but one must remember, it is easy to find fault. One must concede to the O. H. A. Executive honesty of motive, and a commendable anxiety to keep professionals and semi-professionals out of the game, but the recent Rowe case shows the difficulties in the way of their taking action. It is a well-known fact that in recent years there have been flagrant professions on Toronto hockey teams,

but if proof were demanded, all the revelations made in confidence by members and managers of teams, would be construed into mere gossip and hearsay talk. Anyway, this talk never comes near the ears of the O. H. A. Executive, and very few people would lend them assistance if they began an investigation. The Executive, in spite of its prerogatives and authority, is helpless in these matters. It is tied hand and foot, wrapped round and round with limitations, and such a thick hedge of false affidavits and distorted facts grows up around it, that it is no wonder it cannot spot a professional fly-by-night athlete a yard distant.

As soon as ice began to form last fall, there were rumors of a professional team in the city. Where they came from, how they got here, who they were, no one knew. Week after week, all winter long, it has been whispered that they would appear, but, week after week, they did not appear. This last week these whisperings have grown to almost a roar, and it is definitely stated that professional teams in Toronto and Brantford will play games with the American Sault or Houghton stars. Unfortunately, the dates are not fixed. Really, public curiosity can stand these delays no longer. I would like to warn those responsible for these rumors that it is on peril of their lives if they continue to tantalize us with unfulfilled promises. We must see these professionals, let them be uncaged and brought forth. It is a shame to keep them immured all winter long, beating idly against the bars, when salaries might be earned, and board bills paid. I am inclined to believe that all this talk is merely a bluff on the part of a few broken down sports, who want a little scare-head advertising to keep their memories green. If they want a star-spangled reputation—which in most cases they never had—let them get out and beat Pittsburgh or any other bona fide professional team. We would all be glad to see the teams of the International League, and also something come from these wild-cat schemes of so-called Toronto professionals.

Varsity supporters were not a little comforted by the decisive beating, 13-3, which Queens gave McGill last Friday. It took the sting from their own defeat, and has given them heart for their game with McGill in Montreal next week. Whether they win or lose, doesn't make much difference to the hockey public or their standing in the league, but a victory would furnish up their faded laurels, and lend more weight to their challenge for the City Championship. Years ago, when their stock was lower than at present, they defeated the Wellingtons, and this year, they might get a new lease of life, and defeat the Argonauts.

Queens having won the championship of the Intercollegiate Union, are out with a challenge for the Stanley Cup. They are a fast, rapid-scoring team, and probably play as clever hockey as any Stanley Cup challengers, but it is doubtful whether they could survive a strenuous hour's play in the Montreal or Ottawa arena. Experience has taught that weight and pugnacity are just as essential as skill to win the Stanley Cup, and Queens do not particularly possess the two former qualities. No one has any right to deride them for their presumption in challenging. If they really mean to arrange games, thousands of good wishes and prayers will follow them, but, to put it mildly, it would be the sensation of the hockey world for them to bring back the Stanley Cup to Kingston.

The fad for organizing English Rugby Clubs has spread from Toronto to Montreal. For some time last fall, our newspapers were deluged with letters from old English Internationals and county players, now resident in the city, setting forth the superior merits of the English style of play. After the agitators had met and organized themselves into a club, the stream flowed on unimpeded, and placid as ever. In Montreal, however, they are in the first throes of discontent, and the newspaper stage of the disease. A writer in a Montreal paper has an ideal scheme, which, if adopted, will bring undying fame to the country. Briefly, it is to organize English Rugby clubs in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, as well as Toronto, and next season to have a four-city league. With amusing optimism, the writer goes on to

suggest that in 1907, we send to England a veteran team which will eclipse all the glories of the New Zealanders. The trouble with reformers in football, as elsewhere, is that they want to do everything at once. They want to dig the foundation and shingle the roof between sunrise and sunset. They think it no impossibility to introduce an entirely new game one year, and the next to become world's champions. Perhaps this Montreal enthusiast has never heard of the ill-fated English expedition of a Canadian team some years ago, and how they were the laughing stock of country fairs and English and Irish rustics. If so, his ill-advised fervor is pardonable, but otherwise, the only rational view to take of his scheme is that it is a brilliant device of some stranded Britisher to get a free passage home. There is nothing wrong in introducing English rugby into this country, but it is rather inopportune at a time when there is a serious effort being made to produce uniformity of rules. If every reformer is allowed to foist his new rules upon a long-suffering public, in a short time we shall have as many varieties of football as there are of religions and apples.

Some Local Golfers I Have Met.

WHEREVER there is a golf course there is a player who will tell you that he only plays for fun and does not care a rap whether he wins or loses—yet if he wins he ascribes it to the superiority of his play, while if he should lose it is always because he had not his own game with him. Take the case of Mr. Baffy. There are several like him among Toronto golfers.

Mr. Baffy is one of the pleasantest men in the Lambton Club to play with if he wins the first hole and can keep even a one up all the way. He fairly dances over the course with radiant good humor. If you put your second stroke on the fourth hole and see your ball bound into the creek, he has cheerfulness to lend you. "Don't get hot," he will tell you. "Don't get hot—just keep cool and lay your next one right against the flag. On day I got into the creek and still holed a five." However, you do get hot, and you don't hole anything like a five—hanged if you don't feel like taking ten just to express your disgust with yourself for missing that second shot—and with such a good lie, too, as you had. However, Baffy has been usefully advising you through all your trouble; telling you to take it easy, reminding you that every stroke counts, that one bad hole doesn't spoil the round,



"Now don't get hot—just keep cool."

and that you'll get going in a minute. A man can bear other people's troubles with such cheerful fortitude! It's at the seventh hole where you have to get a 160-yard carry across the dam that Mr. Baffy has a mishap. He slices and the ball plumps in the water. You carry it nicely. He confides in you that it makes him madder to miss that drive than any other stroke on the whole course. Anybody ought to make it. He has made it with his mid-iron—won a hole from George Lyon by carrying the creek with his mid-iron, and no wind to help him either. The ball of course is in the center of the creek, and he can't reach it. Baffy is indignant because none of the dipper-poles is long enough to reach it. He drops another ball angrily, and with his mashie scoops it into the drink. You want to advise him not to get hot, but you don't. He would probably kill you with his mashie. You win the hole with an almost perfect three, but he wouldn't care if you did it in one. He slices his drive on the eighth

into the Humber, drops another and tops it. He doesn't speak. You walk softly not to rouse him, for if you were to stub your toe or ask a question he would probably walk up the hill to the club-house and resign. You are one up on the first nine. He tops his drive on the tenth down the hill into the creek. Baffy looks to the sun, the hills, the club-house. Somebody from the green below chaffs him. He glares down at the creature. There is nothing in all the language that he can say—nothing adequate.

You win the hole in six to his nine. At each shot he asks you to just come over and see the lie he has got, but before you can get there he has swung into it savagely and, of course, without getting much distance. "Did you ever see the like?" he asks you. Who else ever had such luck since the dawn of the world? By now you are playing your steady, sure game. You miss nothing. He tells you to pay no attention to him. He has quit counting. He is merely going on with you for company.

Then on the mid-field hole he gets a lucky brassie for his second, and scores a four to your five. You drop in the creek, trying to reach the green with your brassie on the next hole, and he wins it. Making for the Punch-bowl he carries the bunker in two and you drop into it. All square and three to go. Baffy is himself again. Radiant, he plays the hill-top, halving it with you in bogey. He sings out to enquiring friends on the club-house verandah: "All square and two to go—tight game of it." They stroll along to see the finish, but don't see much to admire, and you halve the seventeenth in five. You get a bogey 4 on the home green, and a win by one up. "That's the infernal luck I've had all day," declares Baffy. "Isn't it now? Tell 'em about it. If you hadn't been playing rotten you'd have been ten up on me. I never played such a game—never in all my life." Yet had he won that last hole it would have been one of the greatest victories he ever pulled off. In fact, what I like about Mr. Baffy is that he is so very human.

LOFTER.

GAMES IN THE TORONTO PARKS

MY friend, The Englishman, does not admit that everything is as it should be in Canada, although he confesses that he is better off here than he would have been had he remained at home, which is a good deal to wring from any Englishman. He is especially provoked by the class of cricket creases that men are expected to bat on out here. But, of course, he is not alone in that.

"Talk about your parks," said he to me the other night. "Why do you call a plot of ground that wouldn't graze a goat, a park? Why does Toronto keep on buying little half-acre lots? Why not buy a large piece of land and make it a real park, by allowing people to play games on it?" "That's done in England, is it?" I asked.

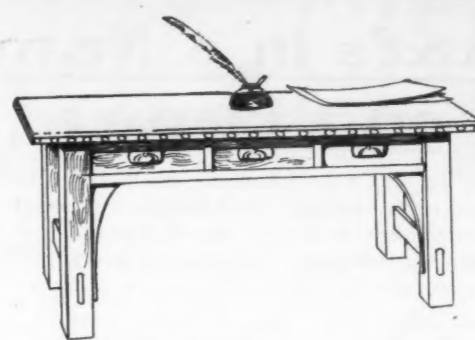
"Of course. That's what they're for—play-grounds, athletic-fields—not places to mope in. Take Battersea Park. Why I've seen from fifteen to twenty cricket matches in progress there all at one time of a Saturday afternoon."

"In Toronto," said I, "if there was room anywhere for a ball game twenty-five different ball clubs would want to play there, and raise no end of a row about it."

"That's not necessary," replied The Englishman. "At Battersea Park the park-keeper had control of all that. The club that got first choice of grounds paid most for the privilege—they all paid something, and were protected against all comers. Each club on match day was supplied with a tent and chairs. Nobody was allowed to trespass or interfere with their games."

"But you don't understand," said I. "You don't understand that in this country a public park is a public park, and every citizen feels that he in his own person is The Public. He can't be kept out of a public park, or out of any part of it. Start a cricket match in the Queen's Park and a woman will wheel her baby-carriage between the wheels, sit down on a camp-stool and dare you to continue the game at the risk of taking human life."

"Oh, I know, I know," said The Englishman. "I've seen something of that spirit since I've been out here. But people could be broken in to it. If the city would make good turf and let people play lawn bowls, tennis and such games in the parks, we could gradually work up to the games that require more room. Out here everybody wants to play and nobody wants to look on. If you won't let them play, they'll call the police and stop the game, and if it's a game a



An Interesting Event For Lovers of Handmade Furniture

THE United Arts & Crafts have organized an Exhibition Sale of all the Art Furniture now in stock at their factory. The samples are now being placed on exhibition in their studios, 91-93 King Street West. These pieces of furniture rank with the best that is produced in America. The Arts & Crafts prices are invariably 25 to 50 per cent. less than foreign prices for the same articles, and at this Exhibition Sale the prices are being very materially reduced, even from our already low figures, to make the Arts and Crafts furniture more popular and to clear space for more stock.

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again by making it his exclusive choice for his series of concerts in London, Stratford, Galt, Hamilton and Montreal.

MR. A. S. VOGT, Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, has said of this great Piano, the choice of great artists everywhere:

"It gives me pleasure to testify as to the superior quality of the Heintzman & Co. Piano now in use by me in my classes at the Conservatory of Music. The pure and singing quality of the tone, and the admirable evenness and elasticity of the action, as well as the artistic regulating and the fine finish in all parts of the instrument, are such as to reflect the utmost credit upon your house and upon Canadian skill and enterprise."

PIANO SALON
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man doesn't like he thinks it shouldn't be allowed. He's not so far wrong, either, when he says that. Still, we used to be even newer than we are now.

Two Working Days.

You only lose two working days to

get to Cuba. Do you say impossible? Not at all. I repeat, you need lose but two days if you will take the Grand Trunk "Thursday Train," leaving Toronto at 4.40 p.m., via Chicago and Mobile. You will wake up in Havana harbor on Monday morning. That is how you only lose two working days.

AN INJUNCTION.

In the HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE. CHANCERY DIVISION. Before Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady.

WILLIAM TEACHER & SONS v. E. LEVY & CO.

On the 11th December, 1905, in an action in which WILLIAM TEACHER & SONS, SCOTCH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, BLENDERS and EXPORTERS, of GLASGOW, LONDON, MANCHESTER, and ARDMORE DISTILLERY, ABERDEENSHIRE, were Plaintiffs, and EMANUEL LEVY (trading as E. Levy & Co.), SOUTH ROAD HOUSE, Clapham Park, S.W., Owner or Manager of a number of Public Houses in London, including, at the date of the Judgment, The WHEATSHEAF, South Lambeth Road, S.E., The OLIVE BRANCH, Waterloo Road, S.W., The GEORGE, Lambeth Walk, S.E., was Defendant, AN INJUNCTION was granted perpetually restraining the Defendant, his servants, managers, travelers, and agents from Selling or Exposing for Sale or REPRESENTING or PASSING OFF as TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM or TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM WHISKY any Whisky not being HIGHLAND CREAM WHISKY manufactured or supplied by the Plaintiffs. An Enquiry was ordered as to DAMAGES, and Defendant was ordered to pay the Plaintiffs the COSTS of the ACTION down to and including the Judgment.

See Teacher's Advertisement Page 12

What's in a Name on a Piano?

Not so much in the name itself, but there is a great deal in the **name** if that **name** represents skill and years of experience of a practical piano man who personally superintends his own product. This is what the buyer will find in the

Gerhard Heintzman Piano

which is universally acknowledged the finest piano produced in Canada.

They may cost a little more than other Canadian pianos, but remember—**Quality remains long after price is forgotten.**

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HIGH-CLASS ORIENTAL RUGS

at CUT PRICES

Having just purchased our premises, we shall soon start making extensive alterations. We must, therefore, reduce our present large stock.

This Sale commences Saturday morning and will last until end of February.

Our Rug stock is the finest in Canada and our prices beyond competition.

Courian, Babayan & Co.
40 King St. East, Toronto.

A Note to North Torontonians.

When bound for Montreal or Detroit, or any point east or west on the Canadian Pacific Railway, do you make the long down-town trip to the Union Station? That is because you have not yet made the acquaintance of the "shuttle" train. This little train runs across the top of the city several times daily, connecting from C.P.R. North Toronto Station on Yonge street with all through main line trains at Leaside Junction and Toronto Junction. You save time and trouble, and your through ticket, purchased at North Toronto Station costs you no more than one obtained at Union Station. When returning this convenient service will land you at North Toronto and home before the through train is in at the Union Station.

Messrs. Courian Babayan & Co., the Oriental Rug merchants, have

just purchased the property now occupied by them, Nos. 40, 42 and 44 King street east, opposite the King Edward Hotel. Alterations will be made by the above firm in order to make up-to-date Oriental Art Rooms.

The Southern California New Train, —Best Route.

The Los Angeles Limited, electric lighted, new from the Pullman shops, with all the latest innovations for travel comfort, leaves Chicago 10:05 p.m. daily, arrives Los Angeles 4:45 p.m. third day, via Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line and The Salt Lake Route. Pullman drawing room and tourist sleeping cars, composite observation car, dining cars, à la carte service. For rates sleeping car reservations and full particulars, apply to your nearest agent or address, B. H. Bennett, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont.



Plain Tips

15c. Per Box

Social and Personal.

St. Peter's Church, Erindale, was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding on Monday last, when Miss Annie Louise Harris, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harris of "Benares," Clarkson, became the bride of Mr. Beverley Draper Sayers of the Metropolitan Bank, Toronto. The church, which was the scene of a gathering of relatives and a few intimate friends, was beautifully decorated with white carnations, palms and ferns. At a quarter to two o'clock the bride entered on the arm of her father, looking charmingly dainty in a gown of white crepe de Chine over taffeta, the bodice fashioned with a yoke of shirred chiffon, edged with embroidered chiffon and pearls, with bertha and sleeve garniture of rose point and duchess lace. The skirt was made with three deep flounces, caught with rosettes of ribbon and orange blossoms; orange blossoms at the high girdle and again in the form of a wreath on a hat of white net with a huge white ostrich plume. The bridal bouquet was of bride's roses, lily of the valley and asparagus fern, tied with white satin streamers and bébé ribbon. Miss Naomi Harris, as maid of honor, looked graceful in a dress of pale blue crepe de soie, with trimming of white silk applique, hat of blue net, trimmed with bands and roses of panache velvet; her bouquet was of pink carnations, tied with loops of satin ribbon of the same shade. The flower-girl, Miss Betty Sayers, sister of the groom, was a dainty little picture in a short frock of white India silk, with Valenciennes insertions; she carried a basket of white carnations, ferns and narcissi. Mr. Sayers was supported by Mr. Edgeworth Hanning of Oakville as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held by Mr. and Mrs. Harris at "Benares," where many presents—cheques, silver, cut glass, china, etc.—were on view, including a handsome set of dining-room furniture, the gift of Mrs. Sayers, mother of the groom. The déjeuner was served at quartette tables, from a buffet decorated in a color scheme of pink and white. A magnificent mirror on a silver stand supported an epergne filled with pink and white roses. Pink roses and streamers of pink liberty ribbon, dainty china, glass and silver completed a most charming effect. The same decorations were carried out at the quartette tables. Mr. and Mrs. Sayers left for Buffalo and New York amid showers of rice and confetti. Mrs. Sayers going away in a suit of golden brown broadcloth, trimmed with gold braid, with a toque to match and a white marabout boa. Among the guests present were Mrs. Sayers, mother of the groom, wearing a gown of black crepe de Chine, with violets, and a black lace hat; Mrs. Arthur Harris, mother of the bride, was gowned in champagne Henrietta cloth, embroidered in blue, with hat to match; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cox, Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Crickmore, Mr. Harry Draper, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mr. Acton Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Helliwell, Miss Harris, Miss Lucy Harris, Toronto; Mrs. Sutherland, St. John, N.B.; Miss Edith Draper, Miss Violet Roberts, Miss Gwendolyn Roberts, Mrs. Hime, Miss Marion Hime, Mr. Walter Hime, Miss Edith Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Porter, Miss Edith Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Charleswood Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. R. Frith, Mrs. Dixie, Miss Mary Crickmore, Mr. Beverley Heath, Mr. and Mrs. Sayers will reside at 71 St. George street, where Mrs. Sayers will receive on Tuesday, February 20th, and on Thursday the 22nd.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth is giving a luncheon on Monday at McConkey's at half-past one.

Mrs. Jack Gilmour, formerly Amy McDougall of London, one of the prettiest of last year's brides, gave a very pleasant tea on Monday at her home, 122 Bedford road. The hostess received in a delicate grey voile, relieved with white. Mrs. Macbeth poured coffee and Miss Wardrop tea at a pretty and brightly-lit table, centered with daffodils, and Miss Meta Macbeth, Miss Edith Cross and Miss Jeannette Dalton assisted.

Guisley House was en fête last Thursday night, February 8th, when Mrs. Cawthra welcomed some hundreds of guests, who enjoyed the artistic singing and sweet voices of Miss Hope Morgan and Mr. Arthur Blight. From nine until eleven the guests continued to arrive, and the spacious hall, drawing-room, library and stairway were filled with the smartest people in town.

On Thursday, February 8th, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson gave a pleasant evening in honor of Countess Ruffine and her son. About thirty guests enjoyed it very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Cox, Queen's Park, left on Thursday to spend a couple of months in Italy and Southern France.

A very pretty and ideal wedding took place on Wednesday of this week at Whithy, when Miss Kathleen Isabel Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cook of St. John's, Newfoundland, was married to Mr. Walter E. Barclay, Mus. Bac., a well-known young professor of music in this city. The marriage took place at the residence of Mr. L. T. Barclay, the bride being given away by her uncle, Mr. Edward Hudson of this city. The bridesmaid was Miss Ella J. Hudson of Toronto; Mr. John B. Dow Barclay was groomsmen. The bride and groom departed after the ceremony for Los Angeles, Cal., where they expect to reside.

Miss Maude Millman has gone to Preston for a few weeks.

Miss Devaney of St. Catharines, is in town, staying with her sister, Mrs. Allan Ramsay, at 1564 King street, West.

The Ruskin Literary and Debating Society spent a very pleasant evening at the Arlington Hotel, Friday,

February 9th; the occasion being their seventh annual banquet. The following speakers responded to various toasts: Messrs. E. J. Prittie, T. A. Silverthorn, H. W. Ausman, T. Farmer, W. T. Hambrook, W. Carthy, H. H. Bishop, Dr. B. E. McKenzie, W. Ralph and E. H. Lawson. The members and friends of the society were highly delighted and will be glad to return at some future date. About sixty-five were present.

Mrs. Charles Band and her daughter, Miss Maude Band, are stopping in New York for a couple of weeks.

Mr. C. E. M. Hodge of London, England, who is on a flying visit to this side, came on to Toronto early in the week to spend a few days with his cousin, Mrs. Acton Burrows.

Members of the Argonaut Rowing Club desiring tickets for their friends for the coming At Home of the club, to be held in the King Edward Hotel, on Friday evening, February 23rd, are reminded that these can be secured from Mr. Hugh Hoyle, honorary secretary, at the uptown club-rooms, or from any of the members of the committee. Messrs. T. P. Galt, R. K. Barker, W. Wadsworth, Donald Bremner, R. McKay, Sr., Walter Green, T. P. Birchall, Claude Macdonnell, Bedford Jones, J. G. B. Merrick, E. W. Hamber.

Mr. Wm. Burder of Ross street has gone on an extended trip to the Southern States.

Mrs. Staunton of Czar street gave a tea on Monday in honor of a fair visitor from Kentucky, at which Mrs. Laidlaw, her niece, and Miss Bell poured tea and coffee, and a very pleasant company enjoyed the later hour of a lovely spring-like day.

Toronto friends will send warmest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Ned Farrar, in the loss of their only son, whose death occurred a few days ago. A most lovable and personable man was "Jinks" Farrar, and his comparatively early death arouses regret and expressions of grief from many who knew him in his boyhood and young manhood here. He leaves a wife and one child.

UNION LIFE'S GOOD YEAR.

Insurance in Force Increased by Forty Per Cent.

The low cost of securing new business was a gratifying feature of the fourth annual report of the Union Life Assurance Company, presented at the meeting of the company. Some interesting facts are disclosed in the report. The new insurance issued amounted to \$6,122,445, under 37,357 policies, the amount being over \$200,000 greater than the last previous year. The premium income increased by 35 per cent. over 1904. The assets are greater than at the close of the preceding year by 42 per cent. The insurance in force increased by 40 per cent., being \$1,000,000 greater than the gain in 1904.

The total assets of the company are placed at \$24,728,24, while the surplus to policyholders stands at \$11,204,10. The company continues to conduct only a non-participating business, being, it is believed, the only Canadian company transacting insurance exclusively on a pure stock premium basis. Eighty-eight per cent. of the insurance in force is on the industrial plan.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb Births.

BROWN—Toronto, February 13. Mrs. C. P. Brown, a daughter.
LUSK—Toronto, February 5. Mrs. Charles P. Lusk, a son.
MALLON—Toronto, February 11. Mrs. John F. Mallon, a son.
McCAUSLAND—Toronto, February 11. Mrs. Harry McCausland, a daughter.
OLIVER—Toronto, February 14. Mrs. Frank R. Oliver, a son.
ROLPH—Toronto, February 14. Mrs. Alfred J. Rolph, a daughter.

Marriages.

BARCLAY—COOK—At Whithy, on Wednesday, February 14, Miss Kathleen Isabel Cook of St. John's, Nfld. and Mr. Walter Everett Barclay, Mus. Bac., Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Fothergill officiating.
McDONALD—ELDER—On Monday, February 12, 1906, at St. Peter's Church, Erindale, by Rev. Ralph Hincks, Annie Louise, elder daughter of Mr. Arthur B. Harris of "Benares," Clarkson, Ont., to Beverley Draper Sayers of the Metropolitan Bank, Toronto, son of the late Charles K. Sayers.
BURWASH—BURWASH—Toronto, February 12, Hazel Kiyo Burwash to L. T. Burwash.

Deaths.

AHREN—On Wednesday, February 7, at his late residence, 476 Manning avenue, John Ahren, in his 69th year.
Funeral private.
CLARKE—Toronto, February 12. Mrs. Agnes Stevens Clarke, aged 74 years.
CUTHBERTSON—Toronto, February 11, Allan S. Cuthbertson, aged 50 years.
DIXON—Toronto, February 10, Thomas Dixon, aged 64 years.

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Prettiest
Silk
Petticoat
Five
Dollars—
or Twenty—
Can Buy

The S. H. & M. Guaranteed Taffeta
Silk Petticoat made to your order.

Ask your dealer first. If he cannot supply you, any Union Station car brings you to our factory showrooms.

Come and choose from forty shades of our cocoon-to-counter Taffeta Silk. Be measured, and we will deliver your petticoat within a day's time.

Wear the petticoat three months. If it splits or cracks in that time, we will replace it with a new petticoat and apologize for the trouble we put you to.

Five dollars buys that much certainty only when it buys an S. H. & M. Guaranteed Taffeta Silk Petticoat.

Many most modish styles to choose from—or select a pattern of your own and have your petti-

All the risk is ours—we must live up to that guarantee, and we can only be-

cause we control every thread of silk in these garments, from the cocoon to the finished petticoat.

When you can buy a silk petticoat at these prices and with

coat made exactly as you like it. Prices run from Five to Twenty Dollars—but the same guarantee protects you whatever the price, and the same silk makes every petticoat we sell.

The difference is in the quantity of silk it takes to make a style, and the amount of work put on the making. Naturally, an elaborate petticoat costs more than a plain one—but you are safer in buying our 5-dollar garment than with any other maker's at double that price.

Every S. H. & M. Guaranteed Taffeta Silk Petticoat, at any price, has this legally binding signed guarantee sewn in the waistband:

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Sat. Mat., Feb. 24, in

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